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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

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All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

2955591

MACBETH

"All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
All hail, Macbeth! thou shalt be king hereafter!"

I. 3. MACBETH

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Volume 14

All's Well That Ends Well
Macbeth

THE NOTTINGHAM SOCIETY
New York :: Philadelphia :: Chicago

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITIONS

All's Well that Ends Well appeared for the first time in the First Folio. It is certain that no earlier edition existed; the play was mentioned in the Stationers' Register under November 8, 1623, among the plays not previously entered. The text of the first edition is corrupt in many places, and gives the impression of having been carelessly printed from an imperfectly revised copy. There is no record of the performance of *All's Well that Ends Well* during Shakespeare's lifetime; the earliest theatrical notices belong to the middle of the eighteenth century.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

The remarkable incongruity of style characteristic of *All's Well that Ends Well*—the striking contrast of mature and early work—can only be accounted for by regarding the play as a recast of an earlier version of the comedy. Rhyming lines, the sonnet-like letters, the lyrical dialogues and speeches, remind the reader of such a play as *Love's Labor's Lost.* The following passages have not inaptly been described as "boulders from the old strata embedded in the later deposits":—Act I, i, 241–254; I, iii, 143–151; II, i, 133–214; II, iii, 77–110, 131–150; III, iv, 4–17; IV, iii, 262–270; V, iii, 60–72, 326–335; Epilogue, 1–6.

It seems very probable, almost certain, that the play is a revision of *Love's Labors Wonne*, mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598). *Love's Labours Wonne*

has been variously identified by scholars with *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Tempest*. A strong case can, however, be made for the present play, and there is perhaps an allusion to the old title in Helena's words (V, iii, 315, 316):—

> "This is done;
> Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?"

The play was probably originally a companion play to *Love's Labor's Lost*, and was written about the years 1590–1592. It may well have belonged to the group of early comedies. The story, divested of its tragic intensity, may perhaps link it to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona;* the original Helena may have been a twin-sister to the "Helena" of the *Dream;* the diction and meter throughout may have resembled the passages to which attention has already been called.

There is no very definite evidence for the date of the revision of the play. The links which connect it with *Hamlet* are unmistakable; the Countess's advice to Bertram anticipates Polonius's advice to Laertes; Helena's strength of will and clearness of purpose make her a sort of counterpart to Hamlet, as she herself says:—

> "Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
> Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
> Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
> Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull."
> —(I. i. 241–244.)

Furthermore, the name "Corambus" (IV, iii, 192) recalls the "Corambis" of the First Quarto of *Hamlet;* similarly the name "Escalus" is the name of the Governor in *Measure for Measure*. In the latter play, indeed, we have almost the same situation as in *All's Well*,—the honest intrigue of a betrothed to win an irresponsive lover. Finally, the undoing of the braggart Parolles recalls Falstaff's exposure in *Henry IV*, and Malvolio's humiliation in *Twelfth Night*. All things considered, the play, as we have it, may safely be dated "about 1602."

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

The story of Helena and Bertram was derived by Shakespeare from the *Decameron* through the medium of Paynter's translation in the *Palace of Pleasure* (1566). The Novels of the Third Day of the *Decameron* tell of those lovers who have overcome insuperable obstacles; they are, in fact, stories of "Love's Labors Won," and if Shakespeare had turned to the Italian, the original title *Love's Labor's Won* may have been suggested by the words connecting the Novels of the Second and Third Days. The Ninth Novel of the Third Day narrates how "Giletta, a physician's daughter of Narbon, healed the French King of a Fistula, for reward whereof she demanded Beltramo, Count of Rossiglione, to husband. The Count being married against his will, for despite fled to Florence and loved another. Giletta, his wife, by policy found means to be with her husband in place of his lover, and was begotten with child of two sons; which known to her husband, he received her again, and afterwards he lived in great honor and felicity."

The following are among the most noteworthy of Shakespeare's variations from his original:—(i) the whole interest of the story is centered in the heroine—according to Coleridge, Shakespeare's "loveliest creation"; to this character-study, all else in the play is subordinated; the poor Helena of *All's Well*, unlike the wealthy Giletta of the Novel, derives "no dignity or interest from place or circumstance," and rests for all our sympathy and respect solely upon the truth and intensity of her affections; (ii) the moral character of Bertram, the Beltramo of the novel, is darkened; his personal beauty and valor is emphasized; while (iii) Shakespeare has embodied his evil genius in the character of the vile Parolles, of whom there is no hint in the original story; (iv) similarly, generous old Lafeu, the Countess,—"like one of Titian's old ladies, reminding us still amid their wrinkles of that soul of beauty and sensibility which must have animated them when young"—

the Steward, and the Clown, are entirely his own creations.

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of the play is eleven days, distributed over three months, arranged as follows by Mr. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877–79):—

Day 1. Act I, i. *Interval.* Bertram's journey to Court.

Day 2. Act I, ii and iii. *Interval.* Helena's journey.

Day 3. Act II, i and ii. *Interval.* Cure of the King's malady.

Day 4. Act II, iii, iv, and v. *Interval.* Helena's return to Rousillon. Bertram's journey to Florence.

Day 5. Act III, i and ii.

Day 6. Act III, iii and iv. *Interval*—some two months.

Day 7. Act III, v.

Day 8. Act III, vi and vii; Act IV, i, ii, and iii.

Day 9. Act IV, iv. *Interval.* Bertram's return to Rousillon. Helena's return to Marseilles.

Day 10. Act IV, v; Act V, i.

Day 11. Act V, ii and iii.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The only probable contemporary notice that has come down to us of *All's Well that Ends Well* is in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, under the title of *Love's Labor Won.* Dr. Farmer, in his *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, 1767, first gave out the conjecture, that the two titles belonged to one and the same play; and this opinion has since been concurred or acquiesced in by so many good judgments, that it might well be left pass unsifted. There is no other of the Poet's dramas extant, to which that title so well applies, while, on the other hand, it certainly fits this play better than the title it now bears. The whole play is emphatically love's labor: its main interest throughout turns on the unwearied and finally, successful struggles of affection against the most stubborn and disheartening drawbacks. It may perhaps be urged that the play entitled *Love's Labor Won* has been lost; but this, considering what esteem the Poet's works were held in, both in his time and ever since, is so very improbable as to be hardly worth the dwelling upon.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter has spent a deal of learning and ingenuity in trying to show, that the play referred to by Meres in 1598 as *Love's Labor Won* was *The Tempest.* Among Shakespeare's dramas he could scarce have pitched upon a more unfit subject for such a title. There is no *love's* labor in *The Tempest.* For though a lover does indeed labor awhile in bearing logs, this is not from love, but simply because he cannot help himself. Nor does he thereby *win* the lady, for she was won before,—"at the first sight they have chang'd eyes;"—and the labor was

imposed for the testing of his love, not for the gaining of its object; and was all the while refreshed with the "sweet thoughts" that in heart and will she was already his. In short, there is no external evidence whatsoever in favor of Mr. Hunter's conjecture, while the internal evidence makes strongly against it.

Coleridge in his *Literary Remains* sets down this play as "originally intended as the counterpart of *Love's Labor's Lost*"; which would seem to imply that he thought it to be the play mentioned by Meres. And Mr. Collier tells us it was the opinion of Coleridge, first given out in 1813, and again in 1818, though not found in his *Literary Remains*, "that *All's Well that Ends Well*, as it has come down to us, was written at two different and rather distant periods of the Poet's life"; and that "he pointed out very clearly two distinct styles, not only of thought, but of expression." The same opinion has since been enforced by Tieck; and the grounds of it are so manifest in the play itself, that no considerate reader will be apt to question it. In none of the Author's plays do we meet with greater diversities of manner; one must be dull indeed not to observe them.

In 1598 *Love's Labor's Lost* was "newly corrected and augmented." The probable truth, then, seems to be, that *All's Well that Ends Well* underwent a similar process. There being no external proofs, the date of this revisal must needs be uncertain; but one can scarce doubt that it was some years later than in case of the former play.

Love's Labor's Lost was acted at court "between New-Year's Day and Twelfth Day," 1605. The reviving of this might naturally enough draw on a revival of its counterpart. We agree, therefore, with Mr. Collier in the conjecture—for it is nothing more—that *All's Well that Ends Well* was revived with alterations and additions about the same time, and its title changed, perhaps with a view to give an air of greater novelty to the performance. It is true, indeed, as Mr. Hunter argues, that the play twice bespeaks its present title: but both in-

stances occur precisely in those parts which taste most strongly of the Poet's later style; and in both the phrase, "All's well that ends well," is printed in the same type as the rest of the text. And the line near the close, "*All is well ended*, if this *suit be won*," may be fairly understood as intimating some connection between the two titles which we suppose the play to have borne.

As to the rest, this play was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it makes the twelfth in the list of Comedies. In the original the acts are distinguished, but not the scenes. And there are several dark and doubtful words and passages, which cause us again to regret the want of earlier copies to correct or confirm the reading as it there stands. In one or two places both the first writing and the subsequent correction appear to have been printed together, thus making the sense very perplexed and obscure.

The only known source, from which the Poet could have borrowed any part of this play, is a story in Boccaccio's *Decameron* entitled *Giglietta di Nerbona*. In 1566 William Paynter published the first volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, containing an English version of this tale; an outline of which will show the nature and extent of Shakespeare's obligations.

Isnardo, count of Rousillon, being sickly, always kept in his house a physician named Gerardo of Narbona. The count had a son named Beltramo, the physician a daughter named Giglietta, who were brought up together. The count dying, his son was left in the care of the king and sent to Paris. The physician dying some while after, his daughter, who had loved the young count so long that she knew not when she began to love him, sought occasion of going to Paris, that she might see him; but being diligently looked to by her kinsfolk, because she was rich and had many suitors, she could not see her way clear. Now the king had a swelling on his breast, which through ill treatment was grown to a fistula; and, having tried all the best physicians and being only made worse by their efforts, he resolved to take no further counsel or help.

The young maiden, hearing of this, was very glad, as it suggested an apt reason for visiting Paris, and showed a chance of compassing her secret and most cherished wish. Putting at work such knowledge in the healing art as she had gathered from her father, she rode to Paris, and repaired to the king, praying him to show her his disease. He consenting, as soon as she saw it she told him that, if he pleased, she would within eight days make him whole. He asked how it were possible for her, being a young woman, to do that which the best physicians in the world could not; and, thanking her for her good will, said he was resolved to try no more remedies. She begged him not to despise her knowledge because she was a young woman, assuring him that she ministered physic by the help of God, and with the cunning of master Gerardo of Narbona, who was her father. The king, hearing this, and thinking that peradventure she was sent of God, asked what might follow, if she caused him to break his resolution, and did not heal him. She said,—"Let me be kept in what guard you list, and if I do not heal you let me be burnt; but if I do, what recompense shall I have?" He answered, that since she was a maiden, he would bestow her in marriage upon some gentleman of right good worship and estimation. To this she agreed, on condition that she might have such a husband as herself should ask, without presumption to any member of his family; which he readily granted. This done, she set about her task, and before the eight days were passed he was entirely well; whereupon he told her she had deserved such a husband as herself should choose, and she declared her choice of Beltramo, saying she had loved him from her youth. The king was very loth to grant him to her; but because he would not break his promise, he had him called forth, and told him what had been done. The count, thinking her stock unsuitable to his nobility, disdainfully said,—"Will you, then, sir, give me a physician to wife?" The king pressing him to comply, he answered,—"Sire, you may take from me all that I have, and give my person to whom

you please, because I am your subject; but I assure you I shall never be contented with that marriage." To which he replied,—"Well, you shall have her, for the maiden is fair and wise, and loveth you entirely; and verily you shall lead a more joyful life with her than with a lady of a greater house;" whereupon the count held his peace. The marriage over, the count asked leave to go home, having settled beforehand what he would do. Knowing that the Florentines and the Senois were at war, he was no sooner on horseback than he stole off to Tuscany, meaning to side with the Florentines; by whom being honorably received and made a captain, he continued a long time in their service.

His wife, hoping by her well-doing to win his heart, returned home, where, finding all things spoiled and disordered through his absence, she like a sage lady carefully put them in order, making all his subjects very glad of her presence and loving to her person. Having done this, she sent word thereof to the count by two knights, adding that if she were the cause of his forsaking home, he had but to let her know it, and she, to do him pleasure, would depart from thence. Now he had a ring which he greatly loved, and kept very carefully, and never took off his finger, for a certain virtue he knew it had. When the knights came he said to them churlishly,—"Let her do what she list; for I do purpose to dwell with her, when she shall have this ring upon her finger, and a son of mine in her arms." The knights, after trying in vain to change his purpose, returned to the lady and told his answer: whereat she was very sorrowful, and bethought herself a good while how she might accomplish those two things. Then, assembling the noblest of the country, she told them what she had done to win her husband's love; that she was loth he should dwell in perpetual exile on her account; and therefore would spend the rest of her life in pilgrimages and devotion; praying them to let him understand that she had left his house with purpose never to return. Then, taking with her a maid and one of her kinsmen, she set

out in the habit of a pilgrim, well furnished with silver and jewels, telling no man whither she went, and rested not till she came to Florence. She put up at the house of a poor widow; and the next day, seeing her husband pass by on horseback with his company, she asked who he was. The widow told her this, and that he was a courteous knight, well beloved in the city, and marvelously in love with a neighbor of hers, a gentlewoman that was very poor, but of right honest life and report, and because of her poverty was yet unmarried, and dwelt with her mother, a wise and honest lady. After hearing this she was not long in determining what to do. Repairing secretly to the house, and getting a private interview with the mother, she said,—"Madam, methinks fortune doth frown upon you as well as upon me; but, if you please, you may comfort both me and yourself." The other answering, that there was nothing in the world she was more desirous of than of honest comfort, she then told her whole story, and how she hoped to thrive in her undertaking, if the mother and daughter would lend their aid. In recompense she proposed to give the daughter a handsome marriage portion, and the mother, liking the offer well, yet having a noble heart, replied,—"Madam, tell me wherein I may do you service; if it be honest, I will gladly perform it, and, that being done, do as it shall please you." The interview resulted in an arrangement, that the daughter should encourage the count, and signify her readiness to grant his wish, provided he would first send her the ring he prized so highly, as a token of his love. Proceeding with great subtlety as she was instructed, the daughter in a few days got the ring, and at the time appointed for the meeting the countess supplied her place; the result of which was, that she became the mother of two fine boys, and so was prepared to claim her dues as a wife upon the seemingly impossible terms which her husband himself had proposed. When in reward of the service thus done the mother asked only a hundred pounds, to marry her daugh-

ter, the countess gave five hundred, and added a like value in fair and costly jewels.

Meanwhile, the count, hearing how his wife was gone, had returned to his country. In due time the countess also took her journey homeward, and arrived at Montpellier, where resting a few days, and hearing that the count was about to have a great feast and assembly of ladies and knights at his house, she determined to go thither in her pilgrim's weeds. Just as they were ready to sit down at the table, she came to the place where her husband was, and fell at his feet weeping, and said,—"My lord, I am thy poor unfortunate wife, who, that thou mightest return and dwell in thine house, have been a great while begging about the world. Therefore I now beseech thee to observe the conditions which the two knights that I sent to thee did command me to do: for behold, here in my arms, not only one son of thine, but twain, and likewise the ring: it is now time, if thou keep promise, that I should be received as thy wife." The count knew the ring, and the children also, they were so like him, and desired her to rehearse in order all how these things came about. When she had told her story, he knew it to be true; and, perceiving her constant mind and good wit, and the two fair young boys, to keep his promise, and to please his subjects, and the ladies that made suit to him, he caused her to rise up, and embraced and kissed her, and from that day forth loved and honored her as his wife.

From this sketch it will be seen that the Poet anglicized Beltramo to Bertram, changed Giglietta to Helena, and closely followed Boccaccio in the main features of the plot, so far as regards both these persons and the widow and her daughter. Beyond this, the story yields no hints towards the play; the characters of Lafeu, the Countess, the Clown, Parolles, and all the comic proceedings, being, so far as we know, purely his own. And it is quite remarkable what an original cast is given to his development of the former characters by the presence of the lat-

ter; and how in the light shed from each other the conduct of all becomes, not indeed right or just, but consistent and clear. Helena's native force and rectitude of mind are made out from the first in her just appreciation of Parolles, and her nobility of soul and beauty of character are reflected all along in the honest sagacity of Lafeu and the wise motherly affection of the Countess, who never see or think of her, but to turn her advocates and wax eloquent in her behalf. Thus her modest, self-sacrificing worth is brought home to our feelings by the impression she makes upon the good, while in turn our sense of their goodness is proportionably heightened by their noble sensibility to hers. Parolles, again, is puffed up into a more magnificent whiffet than ever, by being taken into the confidence of a haughty young nobleman; while on the other side the stultifying effects of Bertram's pride are seen in that it renders him the easy dupe of a most base and bungling counterfeit of manhood. It was natural and right that such a shallow, paltry word-gun should ply him with impudent flatteries, and thereby gain an ascendency over him, and finally draw him into the shames and the crimes that were to whip down his pride; and it was equally natural that his scorn of Helena should begin to relax, when he was brought to see what a pitiful rascal, by playing upon that pride, had been making a fool of him. It is plain that he must first be mortified, before he can be purified. The springs of moral health within him have been overspread by a foul disease; and the proper medicine is such an exposure of the latter as shall cause him to feel that he is himself a most fit object of the scorn which he has been so forward to bestow. Accordingly, the embossing and untrussing of his favorite is the beginning of his amendment: he begins to distrust the counsels of his cherished passion, when he can no longer hide from himself into what a vile misplacing of trust they have betrayed him. Herein, also, we have a full justification, both moral and dramatic, of the game so mercilessly practiced upon Parolles: it is avowedly undertaken with a

view to rescue Bertram, whose friends know full well that nothing can be done for his good, till the fascination of that crawling reptile is broken up. Finally, Helena's just discernment of character, as shown in case of Parolles, pleads an arrest of judgment in behalf of Bertram. And the fact that with all her love for him she is not blind to his faults, is a sort of pledge that she sees through them into a worth which they hide from others. For, indeed, she has known him in childhood, before his heart got pride-bound through conceit of rank and titles; and therefore may well have a reasonable faith, that beneath the follies and vices which have overcrusted his character there is still an undercurrent of sense and virtue, a wisdom of nature, not dead, but asleep, whereby he may yet be recovered to manhood. So that, in effect, we are not unwilling to see him through her eyes, and, in the strength of her well-approved wisdom, to take upon trust, that he has good qualities which we are unable of ourselves to discover.—Thus the several parts are drawn into each other, and in virtue thereof are made to evolve a manifold rich significance; so that the characters of Helena and Bertram, as Shakespeare conceived them, cannot be understood apart from the others with which they are dramatically associated.

Coleridge incidentally speaks of Helena as "Shakespeare's loveliest character"; and Mrs. Jameson, from whose judgment we shall take no appeal to our own, sets her down as exemplifying that union of strength and tenderness, which Foster describes in one of his *Essays* as being "the utmost and rarest endowment of humanity";—a character, she adds, "almost as hard to delineate in fiction as to find in real life." Without either questioning or subscribing these statements, we have to confess, that for depth, sweetness, energy, and solidity of character, all drawn into one, Helena is not surpassed by any of Shakespeare's heroines. Her great strength of mind is finely apparent in that, absorbed as she is in the passion that shapes her life, scarce any of the Poet's characters,

after Hamlet, deals more in propositions of general truth, as distinguished from the utterances of individual sentiment and emotion. We should suppose that all her thoughts, being struck out in such a glowing heat, would so cleave to the circumstances as to have little force apart from them; yet much that she says holds as good in a general application as in reference to her own particular. And perhaps for the same cause, her feelings, strong as they are, never so get the upper hand as to betray her into any self-delusion; as appears in the unbosoming of herself to the Countess, where we have the sweet reluctance of modesty yielding to a holy regard for truth. In her condition there is much indeed to move our pity; yet her behavior and the grounds thereof are such that she never suffers any loss of our respect; one reason of which is, because we see that her fine faculties are wide awake and her fine feelings keenly alive to the nature of what she undertakes. Thus she passes unharmed through the most terrible outward dishonors, firmly relying on her rectitude of purpose; and we dare not think any thing to her hurt, because she has taken the measure of her danger, looks it full in the face, and nobly feels secure in that appareling of strength. Here, truly, we have somewhat very like the sublimity of moral courage. And this precious, peerless jewel in a setting of the most tender, delicate, sensitive womanhood! It is a clean triumph of the inward and essential over the outward and accidental; her character being radiant of a spiritual grace which the lowest and ugliest situation cannot obscure.

There needs no scruple, that the delineation is one of extraordinary power: perhaps, indeed, it may stand as the Poet's masterpiece in the conquest of inherent difficulties; and it is observable that here for once he does not conquer them without betraying his exertions. Of course, the hardness of the task was to represent her as doing what were scarce pardonable in another, yet as acting on such grounds, from such motives, and to such issues, that the undertaking not only is but appears commendable in her.

And the Poet seems to have felt, that something like a mysterious, supernatural impulse, together with all the reverence and authority of the good old Countess, were needful to bring her off with dignity and honor. And, perhaps, after all, nothing but success could vindicate her course; for such a thing, to be proper, must be practicable; and who could so enter into her mind as to see its practicability till it be done?—While on the subject we may as well remark, that though Helena is herself all dignity and delicacy, some of her talk with Parolles in the first scene is neither delicate nor dignified: it is simply a foul blemish, and we can but regret the Poet did not throw it out in the revisal; sure we are, that he did not retain it to please himself.

Almost every body falls in love with the Countess. And, truly, one so meek, and sweet, and venerable, who can help loving her? or who, if he can resist her, will dare to own it? We can almost find in our heart to adore the beauty of youth; yet this blessed old creature is enough to persuade us that age may be more beautiful still. Her generous sensibility to native worth amply atones for her son's mean pride of birth: all her honors of rank and place she would gladly resign, to have been the mother of the poor orphan left in her care: Campbell says,—"She redeems nobility by reverting to nature." Mr. Verplanck thinks, as well he may, that the Poet's special purpose in this play was to set forth the precedence of innate over circumstantial distinctions. Yet observe with what a catholic spirit he teaches this great lesson, recognizing the noble man in the nobleman, and telling us that none know so well how to prize the nobilities of nature, as those who, like the King and the Countess in this play, have experienced the nothingness of all other claims.

Dr. Johnson says,—"I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom

after Hamlet, deals more in propositions of general truth, as distinguished from the utterances of individual sentiment and emotion. We should suppose that all her thoughts, being struck out in such a glowing heat, would so cleave to the circumstances as to have little force apart from them; yet much that she says holds as good in a general application as in reference to her own particular. And perhaps for the same cause, her feelings, strong as they are, never so get the upper hand as to betray her into any self-delusion; as appears in the unbosoming of herself to the Countess, where we have the sweet reluctance of modesty yielding to a holy regard for truth. In her condition there is much indeed to move our pity; yet her behavior and the grounds thereof are such that she never suffers any loss of our respect; one reason of which is, because we see that her fine faculties are wide awake and her fine feelings keenly alive to the nature of what she undertakes. Thus she passes unharmed through the most terrible outward dishonors, firmly relying on her rectitude of purpose; and we dare not think any thing to her hurt, because she has taken the measure of her danger, looks it full in the face, and nobly feels secure in that appareling of strength. Here, truly, we have somewhat very like the sublimity of moral courage. And this precious, peerless jewel in a setting of the most tender, delicate, sensitive womanhood! It is a clean triumph of the inward and essential over the outward and accidental; her character being radiant of a spiritual grace which the lowest and ugliest situation cannot obscure.

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And the Poet seems to have felt, that something like a mysterious, supernatural impulse, together with all the reverence and authority of the good old Countess, were needful to bring her off with dignity and honor. And, perhaps, after all, nothing but success could vindicate her course; for such a thing, to be proper, must be practicable; and who could so enter into her mind as to see its practicability till it be done?—While on the subject we may as well remark, that though Helena is herself all dignity and delicacy, some of her talk with Parolles in the first scene is neither delicate nor dignified: it is simply a foul blemish, and we can but regret the Poet did not throw it out in the revisal; sure we are, that he did not retain it to please himself.

Almost every body falls in love with the Countess. And, truly, one so meek, and sweet, and venerable, who can help loving her? or who, if he can resist her, will dare to own it? We can almost find in our heart to adore the beauty of youth; yet this blessed old creature is enough to persuade us that age may be more beautiful still. Her generous sensibility to native worth amply atones for her son's mean pride of birth: all her honors of rank and place she would gladly resign, to have been the mother of the poor orphan left in her care: Campbell says,—"She redeems nobility by reverting to nature." Mr. Verplanck thinks, as well he may, that the Poet's special purpose in this play was to set forth the precedence of innate over circumstantial distinctions. Yet observe with what a catholic spirit he teaches this great lesson, recognizing the noble man in the nobleman, and telling us that none know so well how to prize the nobilities of nature, as those who, like the King and the Countess in this play, have experienced the nothingness of all other claims.

Dr. Johnson says,—"I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom

he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." A terrible sentence indeed! and its vigor, if not its justice, is attested by the frequency with which it is quoted. In the first place, the Poet did not mean we should reconcile our hearts to Bertram, but that he should not unreconcile them to Helena; nay, that her love should appear to the greater advantage for the unworthiness of its object. Then, he does not marry her as a coward, but merely because he has no choice; and does not yield till he has shown all the courage that were compatible with discretion. Nor does he leave her as a profligate, but to escape from what is to him an unholy match, as being on his side without love; and his profligacy is not so much the cause as the consequence of his flight and exile. Finally, he is not dismissed to happiness, but rather left where he cannot be happy, unless he have dismissed his faults. And, surely, he may have some allowance, because of the tyranny laid upon him, and that, too, in a sentiment where nature pleads loudest for freedom, and which, if free, yields the strongest motives to virtue; if not, to vice. For his falsehood there is truly no excuse, save that he pays a round penalty in the shame that so quickly overtakes him; which shows how careful the Poet was to make due provision for his amendment. His original fault, as already indicated, was an overweening pride of birth; yet in due time he unfolds in himself better titles to honor than ancestry can bestow; and, this done, he naturally grows more willing to allow similar titles in another. Thus Shakespeare purposely represents him as a man of very mixed character, in whom the evil for a while gets a sad mastery; and he takes care to provide the canon whereby he would have us judge him: "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues."

Several critics have managed somehow to speak of Parolles and Falstaff together. A foul sin against Sir

John! Schlegel, however, justly remarks, that the scenes where our captain figures contain matter enough for an excellent comedy. Such a compound of volubility, impudence, rascality, and poltroonery, is he not a most illustrious *pronoun* of a man? And is it not a marvel that one so inexpressibly mean, and withal so fully aware of his meanness, does not cut his own acquaintance? But the greatest wonder about him is, how the Poet could run his own intellectuality into such a windbag without marring his windbag perfection. That the goddess whom Bertram worships does not whisper in his ear the unfathomable baseness of this "lump of counterfeit ore," is a piece of dramatic retribution at once natural and just. Far as the joke is pushed upon Parolles, we never feel like crying out, Hold! enough! we make the utmost reprisals upon him without compunction; for "that he should know what he is, and be that he is" seems an offense for which infinite shames are a scarce sufficient indemnification.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

HELENA

There never was, perhaps, a more beautiful picture of a woman's love, cherished in secret, not self-consuming in silent languishment—not pining in thought—not passive and "desponding over its idol"—but patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith. The passion here reposes upon itself for all its interest; it derives nothing from art or ornament or circumstance; it has nothing of the picturesque charm or glowing romance of Juliet; nothing of the poetical splendor of Portia, or the vestal grandeur of Isabel. The situation of Helena is the most painful and degrading in which a woman can be placed. She is poor and lowly: she loves a man who is far her superior in rank, who repays her love with indifference, and rejects her hand with scorn. She marries him against his will; he leaves her with contumely on the day of their marriage, and makes his return to her arms depend on conditions apparently impossible. All the circumstances and details with which Helena is surrounded, are shocking to our feelings and wounding to our delicacy; and yet the beauty of the character is made to triumph over all; and Shakespeare, resting for all his effect on its internal resources and its genuine truth and sweetness, has not even availed himself of some extraneous advantages with which Helena is represented in the original story. But Helena, in the play, derives no dignity or interest from place or circumstance, and rests for all our sympathy and respect solely upon the truth and intensity of her affections.

She is indeed represented to us as one

> Whose beauty did astonish the survey
> Of richest eyes: whose words all ears took captive;
> Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
> Humbly called mistress.

As her dignity is derived from mental power, without any alloy of pride, so her humility has a peculiar grace. If she feels and repines over her lowly birth, it is merely as an obstacle which separates her from the man she loves. She is more sensible to his greatness than her own littleness: she is continually looking from herself up to him, not from him down to herself. She has been bred up under the same roof with him; she has adored him from infancy. Her love is not "th' infection taken in at the eyes," nor kindled by youthful romance: it appears to have taken root in her being; to have grown with her years; and to have gradually absorbed all her thoughts and faculties, until her fancy "carries no favor in it but Bertram's," and "there is no living, none, if Bertram be away.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

A woman who seeks her husband, and gains him against his will; who afterwards by a fraud—a fraud however pious—defeats his intention of estranging her, and becomes the mother of his child; such a personage it would seem a sufficiently difficult task to render attractive or admirable. Yet Helena has been named by Coleridge "the loveliest of Shakspere's characters." Possibly Coleridge recognized in Helena the single quality which, if brought to bear upon himself by one to whom he yielded love and worship, would have given definiteness and energy to his somewhat vague and incoherent life. For sake of this one thing Shakspere was interested in the story, and so admirable did it seem to him, that he could not choose but endeavor to make beautiful and noble the entire character and action of Helena. This one thing is the energy, the leap-up, the direct advance of the *will* of Helena, her

prompt, unerroneous tendency towards the right and efficient *deed.* She does not display herself through her words; she does not, except on rarest occasions, allow her feelings to expand and deploy themselves; her entire force of character is concentrated in what she does. And therefore we see her quite as much indirectly, through the effect which she has produced upon other persons of the drama, as through self-confession or immediate presentation of her character.—DOWDEN, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

The character of Helena is one of great sweetness and delicacy. She is placed in circumstances of the most critical kind, and has to court her husband both as a virgin and a wife: yet the most scrupulous nicety of female modesty is not once violated. There is not one thought or action that ought to bring a blush into her cheeks, or that for a moment lessens her in our esteem. Perhaps the romantic attachment of a beautiful and virtuous girl to one placed above her hopes by the circumstances of birth and fortune, was never so exquisitely expressed as in the reflections which she utters when young Rousillon leaves his mother's house, under whose protection she has been brought up with him, to repair to the French king's court.

The interest excited by this beautiful picture of a fond and innocent heart is kept up afterwards by her resolution to follow him to France, the success of her experiment in restoring the king's health, her demanding Bertram in marriage as a recompense, his leaving her in disdain, her interview with him afterwards disguised as Diana, a young lady whom he importunes with his secret addresses, and their final reconciliation when the consequences of her stratagem and the proofs of her love are fully made known. —HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

BERTRAM

But Bertram is one of the many characters in Shakespeare—and indeed in all fiction—who are more sinned against by antithesis than sinful in themselves; his mother approves him; her son was a second husband, and the husband was noble; Helena approves him; she had known him well and long—" 'Twas pretty, to see him every hour"; and she had discernment; she saw through Parolles at a glance. Yet Bertram, thus presented as unimpeachable, must be degraded, in order to give color to the forward claims of Helena, and to restore to her love the virtue it had lost, by making it henceforth a work of redemption. Therefore Bertram will lean on the hollow Parolles, whom no one else would think of trusting; he must demean himself and quibble and lie, till at length we wish Helena joy of her bargain.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

Bertram, like all mixed characters, whether in the drama or in real life, is a great puzzle to those who look with tolerance on human motives and actions. In a one-sided view he has no redeeming qualities. Johnson says, "I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." If the Bertram of the comedy were a real personage of flesh and blood, with whom the business of life associated us, and of whom the exercise of prudence demanded that we should form an accurate estimate, we should say—

> "Too bad for a blessing, too good for a curse,
> I wish from my soul thou wer't better or worse."

But we are called upon for no such judgment when the poet presents to us a character of contradictory qualities.

All that we have then to ask is, whether the character is natural, and consistent with the circumstances amidst which he moves? We have no desire to reconcile our hearts to Bertram; all that we demand is, that he should not move our indignation beyond the point in which his qualities shall consist with our sympathy for Helena in her love for him. And in this view, the poet, as it appears to us, has drawn Bertram's character most skillfully. Without his defects the dramatic action could not have proceeded; without his merits the dramatic sentiment could not have been maintained.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspear.*

Lofty position has its special temptations, and it is well if it be not allowed too liberally its special indulgences. It is the way of the world to extend the interpretation of morals in favor of the noble, wealthy, youthful, and handsome, and this form of adulation above all others encourages and confirms the germs of egotism which probably nothing but shame the most humiliating can ever perfectly cure. In Bertram the pride of race disowns and disregards the gifts and nobilities of nature, yet he overrates the worth of the lowest born Parolles, who has crept into favor by assentation; he places himself above all regard either to delicacy or honor in pursuit of gratification at the expense of the happiness of others, and makes hollow professions to high and low unscrupulously, when an annoyance is to be averted or an advantage gained. Those who appreciate the weakness and baseness of his conduct most clearly, stand cap in hand respectfully as he goes by, and in comment among themselves palliate too much by generalization on the weakness of human nature, and find on such an argument that even vice has its advantages—to whip our virtues into humility.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays.*

Bertram demands a good actor, if the spectator is to perceive that this is a man capable of rewarding efforts so great on the part of a woman, a man whose painful woo-

ing promises a grateful possession. That this unsentimental youth has a heart, this corrupted libertine a good heart, that this scorner can ever love the scorned, this is indeed *read* in his scanty words, but few readers of the present day are free enough from sentimentality to believe such things on the credit of a few words. The case is entirely different when, in the *acted* Bertram, they *see* the noble nature, the ruin of his character at Florence, and the contrition which his sins and his simplicity call forth; when, from the whole bearing of the brusque man, they perceive what the one word "pardon" signified in his mouth, when they see his breast heave at the last appearance of Helena bringing ease to his conscience. Credence is then given to his last words; for the great change in his nature—of which now only a forlorn word or two is read and overlooked—would then have been witnessed. Seldom has a task so independent as the character of Bertram been left to the art of the actor.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

THE COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON

The Countess, who is purely a creation of Shakspere, is the most engaging type of French character that he has drawn. She is, in the very best sense, a *grande dame* of the *ancien régime.* She has the aristocratic virtues without their defects. Her rich experience of life has taught her valuable lessons, in which she schools her son before he plunges into the temptations of the Court. To a high-bred graciousness of speech and bearing, she unites that dislike of outward emotional display, that repose of manner which stamps her caste. She has felt too many "quirks of joy and grief" to be readily demonstrative, but her sympathies are wonderfully keen and alert; she is one of the women who never break with the memory of their own past, and who thus, with the silvered hair and the faded cheek, preserve the secret of perpetual youth.—BOAS, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

PAROLLES

Parolles is the type of all the cowards that have been introduced on the stage since his time. Doctor Johnson, again, in comparing him with Falstaff, manifested that he could have had but little perception of even the broadest distinctions in human character. There is as strong and as marked a distinction between Falstaff and Parolles, as between an impudent witty cheat—a fellow who will joke and laugh the money out of your pocket—and a dull, hard, sordid, and vulgar swindler. The cowardice of Falstaff arose quite as much from his constitutional love of ease, sociality, and self-enjoyment, as from an inherent want of principle and self-respect; it was the cowardice of fat and luxuriousness. Falstaff possessed qualities which attached to him friends of each sex. We all know the speech uttered by Bardolph after the fat knight's death, "Would I were with him, wherever he is, in heaven or in hell." A more genuine apotheosis to the social qualities of a man never was uttered. Even the women hated Parolles; and, upon my life, that man has little enough to recommend him whom women dislike. The Countess Rousillon speaks of him as a "very tainted fellow, full of wickedness"; and that her son "corrupts a well-derived nature with his inducement." He held the respectable office of toad-eater, and something worse, to the weak young lord. Mariana, too, whom he had addressed in love-terms, says of him, "I know the knave!—hang him!—a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl." And lastly, Helena describes him as a "notorious liar, a great way fool, and solely a coward." She, too, although of a gentle nature, cannot forbear girding at him for being a palpable and transparent poltroon.—Clarke, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

THE GRAVITATING POINT

Love, therefore, is here also the center and gravitating point upon which turns the development—beginning, middle and end—of the action. It is, however, not conceived in so general and independent a light as in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.* The significance of the whole is based rather on the one main feature of love, its freedom; this is so essentially a part of its nature that, in fact, love exists only as a free, unmerited and unrequited gift, by virtue of which it has the right—it may be even to its own unhappiness—of sometimes choosing and striving to obtain what circumstances would deny it, and of rejecting what is best and most beautiful, simply because it is forced upon it. But this very freedom is its weak point, as long as it has not freed itself from caprice; for it either degenerates into arrogance and error, or into blind self-will and pride. Helena pays the penalty of this arrogance which, in spite of her otherwise modest and unpretending nature, shows itself in her wanting to deprive the man she loves of his right to make that free choice which she herself had exercised in so unlimited a manner; for, notwithstanding her acquired rights, she is compelled to have recourse to degrading artifice to obtain possession of what belongs to her. The Count, on the other hand, willfully rejects what he himself secretly and half-unconsciously wished; he falls from freedom into caprice, because he prides himself in his freedom, and this pride feels itself hurt at being *required* to take what he had hoped to be able to *give* freely. Once the victim of caprice and a slave to his desires, whims, inclinations, and wishes, he is even in danger of losing his innate nobleness of heart. He becomes a frivolous deceiver and seducer, till at last, an act of deception restores him to his better self. His unsuccessful wooing of Diana proves that love can as little be forced by promises and gifts, as by merits and good deeds.
—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE
DUKE OF FLORENCE
BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon*
LAFEU, *an old lord*
PAROLLES, *a follower of Bertram*
Steward, } *servants to the Countess of Rousillon*
LAVACHE, *a clown* }
A Page

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *mother to Bertram*
HELENA, *a gentlewoman protected by the Countess*
An old Widow of Florence
DIANA, *daughter to the Widow*
VIOLENTA, } *neighbors and friends to the Widow*
MARIANA, }

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine

SCENE: *Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

The king of France, desiring to show favor to Bertram, son of the late Count of Rousillon, summons him to court. Lafeu, an old lord, whom the king has sent to fetch the young man, tells the widowed Countess of the king's serious illness—of how the physicians had pronounced his disease without cure. Living with the Countess is a young woman, Helena by name, who is the daughter of a physician who had been very famous in his lifetime. She has fallen in love with the young Count, but he is too much interested in other things to notice her particularly. The Countess discovers this state of affairs and is not displeased, for she knows Helena's worth. The latter has in her possession a prescription left her by her father for the very disease from which the king is suffering, and she obtains permission from the Countess to go to Paris and to offer it to the king.

ACT II

By Lafeu's aid, Helena obtains an audience with the king. She persuades him to try the medicine, promising to forfeit her life, if he should not be cured in two days, and if he should be cured the king was to give her the choice of any man in France, the princes excepted, for a husband. The medicine acted just as Helena expected and she chooses Bertram. The latter does not hesitate to declare his dislike of this gift of the king's, but is forced to marry Helena or to suffer his majesty's displeasure. Immediately following the ceremony, Bertram sends Helena

home to his mother and he himself departs for the Florentine wars.

ACT III

Bertram sends a message to his wife that when she can get a ring which he wears upon his finger and can show him a child of hers to which he is father, then may she call him husband, and that till he have no wife he has nothing in France. Immediately Helena dresses herself as a pilgrim and departs from Rousillon, hoping that when the Count hears that she has gone he may return to his home. In the meantime the Duke of Florence has made Bertram his general of horse and in battle the young man does "most honorable service." Helena arrives in the city in her pilgrim disguise and takes lodging with a widow and her daughter. From them she learns that her husband is attempting to seduce the daughter. Helena confides her identity and troubles to her hostesses and asks their aid.

ACT IV

Diana, the daughter, gets from Bertram the ring he had told Helena she must obtain before he would acknowledge her and arranges for a nocturnal visit from him. But it is Helena and not Diana whom he meets. In Rousillon, the Countess mourns her daughter-in-law as dead and Bertram, hearing of Helena's death, returns home.

ACT V

The king goes on a visit to Rousillon. He forgives Bertram for his conduct and has given his consent to his marriage with the daughter of the old lord, Lafeu, when his attention is called to a ring Bertram is wearing and which he had given to Helena. The king, remembering Bertram's hatred of his wife, fears that he has murdered her and orders him under arrest. Helena comes to Rousillon at this moment, accompanied by the Florentine widow and her daughter. Soon all is explained. Bertram is satisfied that his conditions have been fulfilled and he gladly acknowledges his wife.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

6. *"ward";* under the old feudal law of England, the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards.* The same was also the case in Normandy, and Shakespeare but extends a law of a province over the whole nation.—H. N. H.

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, —O, that 'had'! how sad a passage 'tis! whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease. 20

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so,—Gerard de Narbon. 30

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skillful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord. 40

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed

45–54. Some of the terms in this passage are used in such senses as

to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations 50 go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood 60 from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have—

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

to render the meaning of the whole rather obscure. *Dispositions* are what belongs to her nature; the *clean mind* that was born with her: *fair gifts* are the same as *virtuous qualities;* the results of education and breeding. And such graces of art, if grafted into a vicious nature, are traitors, inasmuch as they lodge power in hands that are apt to use it for evil ends: the unclean mind yields motives to turn the fruits of good culture into a snare. But in Helena these fair gifts and virtuous qualities are the better for their *simpleness,* that is, for being unmixed with any such native ugliness. Thus she is naturally *honest;* her nature is framed to truth, as yielding no motive to seem other than she is; whereas *goodness,* as the term is here used, is a thing that cannot be, unless it be *achieved.*—H. N. H.

57. *"'Tis the best brine";* of course to keep it fresh and sweet. Some editors think this "a coarse and vulgar metaphor": alas, what a pity!—H. N. H.

64. *"I do affect";* Helena's *affected* sorrow was for the death of her father; her *real* grief related to Bertram and his departure.—H. N. H.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal. 70

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will, 80
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;

69, 70. This speech, enigmatical enough at best, is rendered quite unintelligible, both in the original and in modern editions, by being put into the mouth of the Countess. We therefore believe with Tieck and Knight that it should be Helena's. It is in the same style of significant obscurity as her preceding speech; and we can see no meaning in it apart from her state of mind; absorbed, as she is, with a feeling which she dare not show and cannot suppress. Of course she refers to Bertram, and means that the grief of her unrequited love for him *makes mortal,* that is, kills the grief she felt at her father's death. The speech is so mysterious that none but the quick, sagacious mind of Lafeu is arrested by it: he at once understands that he does not understand the speaker. Coleridge says,—"Bertram and Lafeu, I imagine, both speak together." Whether this be the case or not, there can be no doubt that Lafeu's question refers to what Helena has just said.—H. N. H.

'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.
[*Exit.*

Ber. [*to Helena*] The best wishes that can be
forged in your thoughts be servants to you!
Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her. 90

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the
credit of your father.
[*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father,
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favor in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me: 101
In his bright radiance and collateral light

87, 88. That is, may you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect.—H. N. H.

94, 95.

> *"These great tears grace his remembrance more*
> *Than those I shed for him";*

i. e. "the big and copious tears she then shed herself, which were caused in reality by Bertram's departure, though attributed by Lafeu and the Countess to the loss of her father; and from this misapprehension of theirs graced his remembrance more than those she actually shed for him."—I. G.

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favor: 110
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

[*Aside*] One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.
Par. Save you, fair queen! 120
Hel. And you, monarch!

109. *"heart's table";* Helena considers her heart as the *tablet* on which his picture was drawn.—H. N. H.

110. *"favor"* is here used, as a little before, for *countenance. "Trick,"* the commentators say, here bears the sense of *trace;* an heraldic use of the word, found in Ben Jonson: but why may it not have the ordinary meaning of a *snare,* or any taking device that captivates the beholder?—H. N. H.

118. *"cold"* for *naked,* as superfluous for overclothed. This makes the propriety of the antithesis.—H. N. H.

121. *"monarch";* perhaps there is an allusion here to the fantastic

Par. No.
Hel. And no.
Par. Are you meditating on virginity?
Hel. Aye. You have some stain of soldier in you: let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?
Par. Keep him out.
Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defense, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance. 130
Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.
Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?
Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase, and there was never virgin got till 140

Monarcho mentioned in *Love's Labor's Lost,* Act iv. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

124–186. These lines are struck out by some editors; the Cambridge editors rightly call them "a blot on the play"; they were probably "an interpolation, 'to tickle the ears of the groundlings.'" The opening words of the speech which follows are obscure, and the enumeration of "the loves" looks like "the nonsense of some foolish conceited player." Hanmer proposed:—

> *"Not my virginity yet.—You're for the Court:*
> *There shall your master,"* etc.—I. G.

125. *"stain"*; that is, some *tincture,* some little of the hue or color of a soldier.—H. N. H.

virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with 't!

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin. 150

Par. There 's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself 160 to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: out with 't! within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: away with 't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her 170 own liking?

167. *"make itself ten"*; the old copy reads, "within ten years it will make itself *two*." The emendation is Hanmer's. *"Out with it"* is used equivocally. Applied to virginity, it means, give it away; part with it: considered in another light, it signifies *put it out to interest,* it will produce you ten for one.—H. N. H.

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie 180 and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears, it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear: will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet. . . .
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother and a mistress and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy, 190
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counselor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world

171. Parolles plays upon the word *liking,* and says, "She must do ill to *like* him that *likes* not virginity."—H. N. H.

180. *"Your date";* a quibble on *date,* which means age, and a candied fruit then much used in pies.—H. N. H.

187. That is, my virginity is not yet a wither'd pear. *"There,"* in the next line, apparently refers to some words that have been lost. Hanmer and Johnson thought they might be,—*You're for the court,* or something to that effect. That *there* means the court, is plain enough from what she says afterwards: "The court's a learning-place."—H. N. H.

Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall. God send him well!
The court 's a learning place, and he is one—
Par. What one, i' faith? 200
Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pity—
Par. What 's pity?
Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.
[*Exit.*
Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember 210
thee, I will think of thee at court.
Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.
Par. Under Mars, I.
Hel. I especially think, under Mars.
Par. Why under Mars?
Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.
Par. When he was predominant.

196. "*christendoms*" is here used in the sense of *christenings*. So, in Bishop Corbet's verses *To the Lord Mordaunt:*

"One, were he well examin'd, and made looke
His name in his own parish and church booke,
Could hardly prove his *christendome*."—H. N. H.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather. 220
Par. Why think you so?
Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.
Par. That 's for advantage.
Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valor and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.
Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; 230 in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [*Exit.* 240
Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings

247. *"The mightiest space in fortune"* appears to mean those farthest asunder in fortune. *"Likes"* is used for equals. *"Native things"* are things of the same nativity. So that the meaning of the whole is,—Nature brings those that are farthest asunder in fortune

To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose 250
What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

Paris. The King's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France with letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.
First Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.
King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.
First Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead 10
For amplest credence.

to join like equals, and makes them kiss like things bred out of the same stock.—H. N. H.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
Sec. Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.
King. What 's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.
King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, 20
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.
King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me 30
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honor:

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awaked them; and his honor,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time 40
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He used as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph 50
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always say—
Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there and to bear,—'Let me not live,'—

41. *"His tongue obey'd his hand"*; the figure of a clock is kept up, *his* hand being put for *its* hand. The *tongue* of the clock speaks the hour to which the *hand* points.—H. N. H.

54. *"He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them"; cp.* the Collect in the Liturgy: "Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears may through thy grace be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth the fruit of good living," etc.—I. G.

This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are 61
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.' This he wish'd:
I after him do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some laborers room.

Sec. Lord. You are loved, sir;
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't. How long is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died? 70
He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out
With several applications: nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son 's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

56. *"this,"* so the Folio; Pope read *"Thus,"* possibly the right word here.—I. G.

Scene III

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavors; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours. 10

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may. 20

The *Clown* in this comedy is a domestic fool of the same kind as Touchstone. Such fools were, in the Poet's time, maintained in great families to keep up merriment in the house. Cartwright, in one of the copies of verses prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, censures such dialogues as this, and that between Olivia and the Clown in *Twelfth Night*.—H. N. H.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?
Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.
Count. In what case?
Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barnes are blessings.
Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry. 30
Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.
Count. Is this all your worship's reason?
Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.
Count. May the world know them?
Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent. 40
Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.
Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.
Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.
Clo. You 're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am aweary of. He that ears my

26. *"service is no heritage";* the idea seems to be that "if service is no blessing, children are"; Psalm cxxvii. 3. has been appropriately cited in connection with this expression:—"Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord."—I. G.

29. *"barnes are blessings";* the adage referred to by the Clown probably grew from the passage in Psalm cxxvii.: "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them."—H. N. H.

land spares my team, and gives me leave to 50
in the crop; if I be his cuckold, he 's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their 60
hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny, 70
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I 'll talk with you more anon.

59. *"Young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist"; "Charbon"* possibly for *"Chair-bonne,"* and *"Poysam"* for *"Poisson,"* alluding to the respective lenten fares of the Puritan and Papist (*cp.* the old French proverb, *"Jeune chair et viel poisson"*= *young* flesh and *old* fish are the best).—I. G.

59–63. It used to be thought in Shakespeare's time that the Puritans and Papists stood so far apart as to meet round on the other side, as extremes are apt to do. And something like fifty years later Dr. Jackson, a man of great candor and moderation, said "the great aim and endeavor of the Jesuits had long been to draw the Church into Calvinism."—H. N. H.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond, 80
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There 's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which 90 is a purifying o' the song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we 'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson: one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but one every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

80. This line seems incomplete, and Warburton proposed to add, *for Paris he,* on the ground that Paris, not Helen, was *Priam's joy.* Of course the name of Helen brings to the Clown's mind this fragment of an old ballad.—H. N. H.

95. *"one";* the original reads *ore.* Mr. Dyce says,—"Mr. Knight has, I have no doubt, given the right reading, viz., *for.*" Mr. Collier has *ere;* upon which Dyce remarks,—"*Blazing stars* are mentioned by our old writers as portending prodigies, not as coming after them."—H. N. H.

Count. You 'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you. 100

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely. 110

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she 'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare 120 vow for her, they touched not any stranger

104. *"wear the surplice . . . heart";* the controversy touching such things as kneeling at the Communion and wearing the surplice was raging quite fiercely in Shakespeare's time: everybody was interested in it; so that the allusion in the text would be generally understood. The Puritans would have compelled everyone to wear the black gown, which was to them the symbol of Calvinism. Some of them, however, conformed so far as to *wear the surplice over the gown,* because their conscience would not suffer them to officiate without the latter, nor the law of the Church without the former. It is hard to conceive why they should have been so hot against these things, unless it were that the removing of them was only a pretense, while in reality they aimed at other things.—H. N. H.

sense. Her matter was, she loved your son:
Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had
put such difference betwixt their two es-
tates; Love no god, that would not extend
his might, only where qualities were level;
. . . queen of virgins, that would suffer her
poor knight surprised, without rescue in the
first assault, or ransom afterward. This
she delivered in the most bitter touch of sor- 130
row that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which
I held my duty speedily to acquaint you
withal; sithence, in the loss that may hap-
pen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly;
keep it to yourself: many likelihoods in-
formed me of this before, which hung so
tottering in the balance, that I could neither
believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me:
stall this in your bosom; and I thank you 140
for your honest care: I will speak with you
further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter Helena.

Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this
thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,

127. ". . . *queen of virgins*"; Theobald inserted "*Dian no*" before "*queen.*"—I. G.

Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none. 150
Her eye is sick on 't: I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honorable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother:
Why not a mother? When I said 'a mother,'
Methought you saw a serpent: what 's in 'mother,'
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds: 161
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What 's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-color'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why? that you are my daughter?

167. *"many-color'd";* there is something exquisitely beautiful in this reference to the suffusion of colors which glimmers around the eye when wet with tears. The Poet has described the same appearance in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

> "And round about her tear-distained eye
> Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky."

—H. N. H.

Hel. That I am not.
Count. I say, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, madam;
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother: 170
I am from humble, he from honor'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were,—
So that my lord your son were not my brother,—
Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other, 180
But I your daughter, he must be my brother?
Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:
God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,

179. *"I care no more"*; there is a designed ambiguity; I care as much for.—H. N. H.
187. *"head"*; the source, the cause of your grief.—H. N. H.

To say thou dost not; therefore tell me true; 190
But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviors,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me! 200

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do you not love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.
My friends were poor, but honest; so 's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him 211
That he is loved of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;

194. *"kind"*; in their language.—H. N. H.

Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore 220
The sun, that looks upon his worshiper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do: but if yourself,
Whose aged honor cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose; 230
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

Count. Had you not lately an intent,—speak truly,—
To go to Paris?

217. *"captious"* is plainly from the Latin *capio,* and means *apt* to *take in* or *receive: "intenible," unable* to *hold* or *retain.* A singular use, indeed, of *captious,* but every way a legitimate and appropriate one. The usual meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time was *deceitful.* Singer insists on giving it that meaning here, and Mr. Verplanck concurs with him, objecting to the explanation we have adopted, that it makes *intenible* contradict *captious.* Wherein he seems rather captious; for does not a sieve receive all the water one can pour in, and let it out as fast as it is poured in? On the other hand, how may a *sieve,* a thing so easily seen through, be said to *deceive,* unless it be in the sense of *taking in?* which is the sense we have supposed *captious* in this case to bear.—H. N. H.

Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them, 240
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.
Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.
Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.
Count. But think you, Helen, 250
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: how shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowel'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?
Hel. There 's something in 't,

241. *"whose faculties inclusive were,"* etc.; receipts in which greater virtues were enclosed than appeared to observation.—H. N. H.

More than my father's skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified 260
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honor
But give me leave to try success, I 'ld venture
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Aye, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court: I 'll stay at home
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this, 270
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Paris. The King's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King, attended with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; Bertram and Parolles.

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, farewell:
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.
First Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords; 10
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy,—

1, 2. *"lord's" . . . "lords";* probably the young noblemen are divided into two sections according as they intend to take service with the "Florentines" or the "Senoys" (*cp.* Note vi. Cambridge edition).—I. G.

12–15. *"let higher Italy,—Those bated,"* etc.; the passage is prob-

Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,—see that you come
Not to woo honor, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

Sec. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say, our French lack language to deny, 20
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. Come hither to me. [*Exit.*

First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

Sec. Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with 'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and "tis too early.'

ably corrupt. *"Higher Italy"* has been variously interpreted to mean (1) Upper Italy; (2) the side of Italy next to the Adriatic (but both Florence and Sienna are on the other side); (3) Italy higher in rank and dignity than France; (4) the noblest of Italy, the worthiest among Italians. Johnson paraphrased as follows:—"Let upper Italy, *where you are to exercise your valor,* see that you come to gain honor, to the *abatement,* that is, to the disgrace and depression of those *that have now lost their ancient military fame,* and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy." Schmidt proposed *"high"* for *"higher"; Coleridge, "hired"; Hanmer, "bastards"* for *"bated."* Knight took *"bated"* to mean "excepted," Schmidt, "beaten down."—I. G.

21. *"beware of being captives"; be not captives before you are soldiers.—H. N. H.

Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, 30
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honor be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I 'll steal away.

First Lord. There 's honor in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

Sec. Lord. I am your accessary; and so, farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

First Lord. Farewell, captain.

Sec. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, 40 good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

First Lord. We shall, noble captain.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Ber. Stay: the king.

Re-enter king.

32–33. *"No sword worn but one to dance with"*; alluding to the light swords worn for dancing.—I. G.

36. Our parting is as it were to dissever or torture a body.—H. N. H.

Par. [*Aside to Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell. 50

Ber. And I will do so. 60

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I 'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here 's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.
I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy;

54–59. *"for they wear . . . farewell";* Henley, explaining this passage, says its obscurity arises from the fantastical language of Parolles, whose affectation of wit urges him from one allusion to another, without giving him time to judge of their congruity. *The cap of the time* being the first image that occurs, *true gait,* manner of *eating, speaking,* &c., are the several ornaments which they *muster,* or arrange in *time's cap.* This is done under the influence of the most approved fashion-setter; and such are to be followed in the *measure* or dance of fashion, even though the devil lead them.—H. N. H.

64. *"I'll fee";* Theobald's emendation. Folios, *"Ile see."*—I. G. The meaning appears to be, I'll see you on your feet.—H. N. H.

And that at my bidding you could so stand up.
King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And asked thee mercy for 't. 70
Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cured of your infirmity?
King. No.
Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a medicine
That 's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay, 80
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand,
And write to her a love-line.
King. What 'her' is this?
Laf. Why, Doctor She: my lord, there 's one arrived,
If you will see her: now, by my faith and honor,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

81–82. *"To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand";* Charlemagne late in life attempted to learn to write.—I. G.

King. Now, good Lafeu, 91
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.
Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*
King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter Lafeu, with Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
King. This haste hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors 100
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well.
[*Exit.*
King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?
Hel. Aye, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice, 110
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd

With that malignant cause, wherein the honor
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That laboring art can never ransom nature 120
From her inaidible estate; I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you; 130
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher, 140
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,

Hel. "And, hearing your high Majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honor
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,"

All's Well That Ends Well. Act 2, Scene 1.

When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid: 150
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavors give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim; 160
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? within what space
Hopest thou my cure?

143. *"When judges have been babes";* evidently an allusion to St. Matthew xi. 25: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou *hast hid* these things from the *wise* and *prudent,* and *hast revealed* them unto *babes.*" See, also, 1 Cor. i. 27.—H. N. H.

"great floods," etc.; that is, when Moses smote the rock in Horeb. —H. N. H.

145. *"miracles . . . denied";* this must refer to the children of Israel passing the Red Sea, when miracles had been denied by Pharaoh.—H. N. H.

160. That is, proclaim one thing and design another.—H. N. H.

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass 169
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What darest thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduced by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise, ne worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerful sound within an organ weak: 180
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.

177.

> *"ne worse of worst extended,*
> *With vilest. torture let my life be ended";*

so Folio 1; the other Folios read *"no"* for *"ne."* Malone's *"nay"* for *"ne"* commends itself, though his explanation of *"extended"* as "my body being extended on the rack" seems weak: it is probably used here simply in the sense of "meted out to me," or merely used for the purpose of emphasising *"worse of worst."* A mass of conjectural emendations are recorded in the Cambridge edition of the play.—I. G.

"Ne" is an old form of *nor*. *"Worse of worst extended"* means much the same as our phrase, Let worse come to worst; that is, let the loss of my good name be extended to the worst of evils, death by torture.—H. N. H.

Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate,
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practicer, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die. 190

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserved: not helping, death 's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Aye, by my scepter and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate 201
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,

185. The beauty of this line is, that eight syllables are allowed the time of ten; all which the meter-mongers have spoiled by foisting in *virtue* after *courage*.—H. N. H.

Though more to know could not be more to trust, 210
From whence thou camest, how tended on: but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: 10 he that cannot make a leg, put off 's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that 's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, 20 the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the 30 friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to 't. Ask me if I am 40 a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser

26. *"Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger";* "Tib and Tom" were used like "Jack and Jill"; Tib was a cant term for any low or vulgar woman. *"Rush rings"* were sometimes used at marriage ceremonies, especially where the marriages were somewhat doubtful (*cp.* Douce's *Illustrations,* p. 196).—I. G.

by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir! There 's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me. 50

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir! spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'spare not me'? Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whip- 60 ping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain 't so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir! why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir; to your business. Give Helen this
And urge her to a present answer back: 70
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son:

46. *"O Lord, sir!"*; a ridicule on this silly expletive of speech, then in vogue at court. Thus Clove and Orange, in *Every Man in His Humour:* "You conceive me, sir?—O Lord, sir!" And Cleveland in one of his songs: "Answer, O Lord, sir! and talk play-book oaths."—H. N. H.

This is not much.
Clo. Not much commendation to them.
Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?
Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.
Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene III

Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of ter-

1–45. Johnson changed the distribution of the speakers, so as to bring out "the whole merriment of the scene," which, according to him, "consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not." Johnson has been generally followed by modern editors. The Folio arrangement has been kept in the Cambridge text.—I. G.

2. *"modern"* is here used in the sense of trite, common; as in the line,—"Full of wise saws and *modern* instances."—Coleridge has a characteristic remark upon this passage: "Shakespeare, inspired, as might seem, with all knowledge, here uses the word *"causeless"* in its strict philosophical sense;—cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena,* that is, things natural, not of *noumena,* or things supernatural."—Lord Bacon, in his Essay, *Of Atheism,* has a remark apparently born of the same experience that dictated the passage in the text: "It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."

rors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis. 10

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said. 20

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That 's it; I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect— 30

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that

5. *"ensconcing"; sconce* being a term of fortification for a chief fortress, to *ensconce* literally signifies *to secure as in a fort.*—H. N. H.

26. *"a showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor"*; the title of some pamphlet is evidently ridiculed in these words.—I. G.

is the brief and the tedious of it; and he 's of a most facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Aye, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be— 40

Laf. Generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Laf. Lustig, as the Dutchman says: I 'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he 's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so. 50

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,

O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make: 60
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one!

Laf. I 'ld give bay Curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restored the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest, 71
That I protest I simply am a maid.
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
'We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We 'll ne'er come there again.'

64. A *"curtal"* was the common name for a horse: "I'd give my bay *horse,* &c., that my age were not greater than these boys."—H. N. H.

76. That is, but, if thou be refused, let thy cheeks be for ever pale; we will never visit them again. *"Be refused"* means the same as *thou being refused,* or *be thou refused.* The *"white death"* is the paleness of death.—H. N. H.

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.
Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high, 80
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?
First Lord. And grant it.
Hel. Thanks sir; all the rest is mute.
Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.
Hel. The honor, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!
Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.
Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave. 90
Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I 'ld have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.
Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I 'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they 'll none

80. *"Imperial Love"*; Folio 1, *"imperiall loue"*; Folio 2, *"imperiall Iove"*; Folio 3, *"impartiall Jove."*—I. G.

84. *"ames-ace," i. e.* two aces; the lowest throw at dice: one would expect it, from the context, to mean just the contrary, but Lafeu is probably making "a comparison by contraries,"—"an ironical comparison," used with humorous effect. "One lauding a sweet-songed prima donna," aptly observed Brinsley Nicholson, "says, I'd rather hear her than walk a hundred miles with peas in my boots."—I. G.

have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em. 100

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There 's one grape yet; I am sure thy father drunk wine: but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. [*To Bertram*] I dare not say I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. This is the man. 110

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she 's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;

104–107. This speech is usually printed as if the whole of it referred to Bertram; which seems to us to render the latter part of it unintelligible. To get over the difficulty, Theobald, and Hanmer and Warburton after him, broke it into three speeches, giving to Lafeu "There's one grape yet," to Parolles "I am sure thy father drunk wine," and the rest to Lafeu. There is no authority for this: besides, taking the latter part of the speech as addressed to Parolles, all seems clear enough, and agrees well with what afterwards passes between them. Of course, during this part of the scene Lafeu and Parolles stand at some distance from the rest, where they can see what is done, but not hear what is said: therefore Lafeu has been speaking as if Helena were the refused, not the refuser.—H. N. H.

But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain 121
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of color, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name: but do not so: 130
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell 's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor. Good alone
Is good without a name. Vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she 's immediate heir,

133. That is, where great titles *swell us,* and there is no virtue. The original has *swell's,* but the contraction *'s* for *us* has been left out of most editions.—H. N. H.

And these breed honor: that is honor's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honor 's born, 140
And is not like the sire: honors thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word 's a slave
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honor'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower; honor and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't. 151

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I 'm glad:
Let the rest go.

King. My honor 's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale, 160
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honor where

155. *"which"* of course refers not to *honor,* but to the preceding *clause,* or to the *danger implied* in it. A similar construction occurs in *Othello:* "She dying gave it me, and bid me, when my fate would have me *wive,* to give it *her.*"—H. N. H.

Hel. "That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad :
Let the rest go."
King. "My honor's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power.—Here, take her hand,
Proud, scornful boy,"

All's Well That Ends Well. Act 2, Scene 3.

We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate 170
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider
What great creation and what dole of honor
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is as 't were born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate, 181
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favor of the king
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,

Thy love 's to me religious; else, does err.
[*Exeunt all but Lafeu and Parolles.*

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir? 191

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation! My lord! my master!

Laf. Aye; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon? 200

Par. To any count, to all counts, to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolera- 210 ble vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou 'rt scarce worth.

216. *"taking up"*; to *take up* is to *contradict,* to *call to account.* —H. N. H.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, 220 lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Aye, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deserved it. 230

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a 240 man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

245–247. *"doing I am past,"* says Lafeu, *"as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave"*; that is, "as I will *pass* by thee as fast as I am able": and he immediately goes out.—H. N. H.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I 'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I 'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I 'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master 's married; there 's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Aye, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that 's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honor, if I were but two hours younger, I 'ld beat thee: methinks 't thou art a general offense, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveler: you 280 are more saucy with lords and honorable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I 'ld call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Par. Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter Bertram.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What 's the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, 290
I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me!
I 'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There 's letters from my mother: what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Aye, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars! 300
He wears his honor in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!

France is a stable; we that dwell in 't jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I 'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king 310
That which I durst not speak: his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: war is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I 'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I 'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there 's noise in it.
'Tis hard:
A young man married is a man that 's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go: 321
The king has done you wrong: but, hush, 'tis so.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she 's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she 's very well and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

314. *"the dark house"* is a house made gloomy by discontent.—H. N. H.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she 's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she 's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things? 10

Clo. One, that she 's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she 's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her 20 money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave 30 thou 'rt a knave; that 's, before me thou 'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were

you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed. 40
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The greatest prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What 's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king, 50
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

40. "*well fed*"; perhaps the old saying, "better fed than taught," is alluded to here, as in a preceding scene, where the clown says, "I will show myself *highly fed* and lowly taught."—H. N. H.

45. That is, puts it off *in obedience* to an *enforced* restraint; the passive, "*compell'd*," for the active, *compelling*.—H. N. H.

48. The meaning appears to be, that the delay of the joys, and the expectation of them, would make them more delightful when they come. The "*curbed time*" means the time of restraint: "*whose want*" means *the want of which;* referring to *prerogative* and *rite*. —H. N. H.

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.
Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.
Par. I shall report it so.
Hel. I pray you. [*Exit Parolles.*] Come, sirrah.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Lafeu and Bertram

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.
Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.
Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.
Ber. And by other warranted testimony.
Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.
Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.
Laf. I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valor; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [*To Bertram.*
Laf. Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?
Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to Parolles.*

Par. She is. 20

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you 'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveler is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and 30 thrice beaten. God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence. 40

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his

26. *"end"*; the Folios have *"And"*; the correction, from the Ellesmere copy of the First Folio, has been generally adopted.—I. G.

clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy
consequence; I have kept of them tame, and
know their natures. Farewell, monsieur: I
have spoken better of you than you have or 50
will to deserve at my hand; but we must do
good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave
For present parting; only he desires 60
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not color with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepared I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem, 70

50. *"Have or will to deserve"*; Malone proposed *"have qualities or will,"* etc.; Singer, *"wit or will"*; the later Folios omit *"to"* and read *"have, or will deserve"*; the reading in the text is that of Folio 1.—I. G.

And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother: [*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go: 80
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord: faith, yes;
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse. 90

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur? Farewell! [*Exit Helena.*

Ber. "Let that go:
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home."
Hel. "Pray, sir, your pardon."

All's Well That Ends Well. Act 2, Scene 5.

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Florence. The Duke's palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; the two Frenchmen with a troop of soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.
First Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.
Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.
Sec. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield, 10
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not

12–13.

"That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion";

probably Clarke's explanation of these difficult lines is the best: —"The reasons of our state I cannot give you, excepting as an ordinary and uninitiated man, whom the august body of a gov-

Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

First Lord. But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honors that can fly from us 20
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing;

ernment-council creates with power unable of itself to act, or with power incapable of acting of its own accord or independently." Others make *"that"* the subject of *"frames,"* explaining *"motion"* as "mental sight," or "intuition."—I. G.

17. *"the younger of our nature";* as we say at present, our young fellows.—H. N. H.

mend the ruff and sing; ask questions and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song. 10

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid 's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.* 20

Count. [*reads*] I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM. 30

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favors of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

9. *"sold";* so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, *"hold";* Harness proposed *"holds a goodly manner for."*—I. G.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!
Count. What is the matter?
Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would. 40
Count. Why should he be killed?
Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't; that 's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit.*

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Save you, good madam.
Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone. 50
Sec. Gent. Do not say so.
Count. Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen,
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't: where is my son, I pray you?
Sec. Gent. Madam, he 's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; from thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.
Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here 's my 60

passport. [*reads*] When thou can'st get
the ring upon my finger which never shall
come off, and show me a child begotten of
thy body that I am father to, then call me
husband: but in such a 'then' I write a
'never.'
This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

First Gent. Aye, madam;
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our
pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer; 70
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence
is he?

Sec. Gent. Aye, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Sec. Gent. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe 't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honor
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

First Gent. Aye, madam, with the swiftest wing
of speed.

Hel. [*reads*] Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
France. 80
'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

71. *"If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine";* the omission of the relative is common in Shakespeare. Rowe unnecessarily altered the line to *"all the griefs as thine."*—I. G.

Hel. Aye, madam.
First Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand,
haply, which his heart was not consenting to.
Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There 's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?
First Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman 90
Which I have sometime known.
Count. Parolles, was it not?
First Gent. Aye, my good lady, he.
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.
First Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.
Count. Y' are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win 100

97. *"holds him much to have"*; so the Folios; Theobald conjectured *"soils him much to have"*; others suggested, *"hoves him not much to have"*; *"fouls him much to have,"* etc. Rolfe's view of the passage seems by far the most satisfactory:—"He has a deal of that too-much, *i. e.* excess of vanity, which makes him fancy he has many good qualities."—I. G.

An obscure passage indeed; but perhaps it can be understood well enough, if the reader bear in mind that Parolles' greatest having is in impudence, and at the same time make *him* emphatic. The fellow has a deal too much of impudence; and yet it holds, behooves *him* to have a large stock of that, inasmuch as he has nothing else.—H. N. H.

The honor that he loses; more I 'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

Sec. Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event 111
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast, 120

104. In reply to the gentlemen's declaration that they are her servants, the countess answers—no otherwise than as we return the same offices of civility.—H. N. H.

117. *"still-peering air"*; so Folio 1; Folio 2, *"still-piercing"*; probably an error for *"still-piecing," i. e.* "still-closing." A passage in *The Wisdom of Solomon* has been appropriately compared, and may be the source of the thought:—*"As when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through."*—I. G.

I am the caitiff that do hold him to 't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honor but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence: 130
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels officed all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumor may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal away.
[*Exit.*

Scene III

Florence. Before the Duke's palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Parolles, Soldiers, Drum, and Trumpets.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

128, 129. The sense is "From that place, where all the advantage that honor usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as, on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself."—H. N. H.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We 'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove 10
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.
Stew. [*reads*] I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:

6. *"extreme edge of hazard"*; so in Shakespeare's *116th Sonnet:* "But bears it out even to the *edge* of doom." And Milton's *Par. Reg.* B. i.: "You see our danger on *the utmost edge of hazard.*"—H. N. H.

7. In *Richard III: "Fortune* and victory sit on thy *helm."*—H. N. H.

4. *"Saint Jaques' pilgrim"*; at Orleans was a church dedicated to St. Jaques, to which pilgrims formerly used to resort to adore a part of the cross.—H. N. H.

Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far 10
His name with zealous fervor sanctify:
His taken labors bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her, 20
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear

13. *"I, his despiteful Juno"*; alluding to the story of Hercules.—H. N. H.

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife; 30
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction: provide this messenger:
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak; 41
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Florence. Without the walls. A tucket afar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honorable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own

32. "*weigh*"; value or esteem.—H. N. H.

hand he slew the Duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labor; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets. 10

Mar. Come, let 's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honor of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbor how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost. 20 30

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.

Enter Helena, disguised like a Pilgrim.

Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will
lie at my house; thither they send one another: I 'll question her. God save you,
pilgrim! whither are you bound? 40

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Aye, marry, is 't. [*A march afar.*] Hark you! they come this way.
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself? 50

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

58. *"His face I know not"*; touching this passage, Coleridge asks, —"Shall we say here, that Shakespeare has unnecessarily made his loveliest character utter a lie? Or shall we dare think that, where to deceive was necessary, he thought a pretended verbal verity a double crime, equally with the other a lie to the hearer, and at the same time an attempt to lie to one's own conscience?" Whatsoever may be the truth in this case, such, no doubt, is often the result of overstraining the rule against deceiving others; it puts people upon

Dia. Whatsom'er he is,
He 's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: think you it is so? 61
Hel. Aye, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.
Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.
Hel. What 's his name?
Dia. Monsieur Parolles.
Hel. O, believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.
Dia. Alas, poor lady! 70
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
Wid. I write good creature, whereso'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleased.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

skulking behind subterfuges for the deceiving of themselves. We have often seen them use great art to speak the truth in such a way as to deceive, and then hug themselves in the conceit that they had not spoken falsely.—H. N. H.

73. *"I write, good creature,"* so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *"I right"*; Rowe, *"Ah! right good creature!"* The Globe edition, *"I warrant, good creature"*; Kinnear, *"I war'nt* (=warrant), good creature."—I. G.

Wid. He does indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honor of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defense.
Mar. The gods forbid else! 81
Wid. So, now they come:

Drum and Colors.

Enter Bertram, Parolles, and the whole army.

That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow.
I would he loved his wife: if he were honester
He were much goodlier: is 't not a handsome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest: yond 's that same knave
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.
Hel. Which is he? 91
Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is he melancholy?
Hel. Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.
Par. Lose our drum! well.
Mar. He 's shrewdly vexed at something: look, he has spied us.
Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army.*
Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you 100
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There 's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.
Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.
Both. We 'll take your offer kindly.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Camp before Florence.

Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.

Sec. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.
First Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.
Sec. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.
Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?
Sec. Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to

speak of him as my kinsman, he 's a most 10
notable coward, an infinite and endless liar,
an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no
one good quality worthy your lordship's en-
tertainment.

First Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, re-
posing too far in his virtue, which he hath
not, he might at some great and trusty busi-
ness in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action
to try him. 20

First Lord. None better than to let him fetch
off his drum, which you hear him so confi-
dently undertake to do.

Sec. Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will
suddenly surprise him; such I will have,
whom I am sure he knows not from the
enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so,
that he shall suppose no other but that he is
carried into the leaguer of the adversaries,
when we bring him to our own tents. Be 30
but your lordship present at his examina-
tion: if he do not, for the promise of his life
and in the highest compulsion of base fear,
offer to betray you and deliver all the intel-
ligence in his power against you, and that
with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath,
never trust my judgment in any thing.

First Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him
fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem
for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of 40
his success in 't, and to what metal this coun-

terfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside to Ber.*] O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honor of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition. 50

First Lord. A pox on 't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. 'But a drum'! is 't 'but a drum'? A drum so lost! There was excellent command,—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

First Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command. 60

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our suc-

43. *"John Drum's Entertainment"*; "to give a person John Drum's Entertainment" probably meant to give him such an entertainment as the drum gets; hence "to give a person a drumming," to turn him forcibly out of your company. Theobald quotes the following from Holinshed's *Description of Ireland*:—"His porter, or none other officer, durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his house, *Tom Drum his entertainment,* which is to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders." In Marston's interlude, *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1601), Jack Drum is a servant who is constantly baffled in his knavish tricks.—I. G.

47. *"the honor of his design"* is the honor he thinks to gain by it. *Honor* has been usually printed *humor;* a change, says Collier, "without either warranty or fitness."—H. N. H.

cess: some dishonor we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or 'hic jacet.'

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to 't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honor again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness. 70

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it. 80

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I 'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow. 90

Ber. I know thou 'rt valiant; and, to the pos-

sibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

Sec. Lord. No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't?

First Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favor and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Sec. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him; you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

First Lord. We 'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

Sec. Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

122. So in the third scene of this act: "They are limed with the

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.
Sec. Lord. As 't please your lordship: I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*
Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.
First Lord. But you say she 's honest.
Ber. That 's all the fault: I spoke with her but once
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send; 130
And this is all I have done. She 's a fair creature:
Will you go see her?
First Lord. With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,

twigs that threaten them." To *lime* is to catch or entangle; and *twigs* was a common term for the trap or snare, whether it were made of twigs or of thoughts; of material or mental *wickerwork.*—H. N. H.

129. *"i' the wind"*; this proverbial phrase is thus explained by Cotgrave: *"Estre sur vent,* To be in the wind, or to have the wind of. *To get the wind, advantage, upper hand of; to have a man under his lee."*—H. N. H.

But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.
Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.
Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, 11
Err in bestowing it.
Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You 're great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her: let her in fine consent,
As we 'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. 20
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she 'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,

3. That is, by discovering herself to the count.—H. N. H.

Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more, 30
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after this,
To marry her, I 'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts and songs composed 40
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists
As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why then to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let 's about it. [*Exeunt.*

45–47. The explanation of this riddle is, that Bertram was to do a lawful deed with a wicked intent; Helena, the same deed with a good intent; and that what was really to be on both sides a lawful embrace, was to seem in them both an act of adultery.—H. N. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Without the Florentine camp.

Enter Second French Lord, with five or six other Soldiers in ambush.

Sec. Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Sec. Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice? 10

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

Sec. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

First Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

Sec. Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighboring languages; therefore we must every one be a

19–21. *"therefore . . . purpose"*; the sense of this passage

man of his own fancy, not to know what we 20
speak one to another; so we seem to know, is
to know straight our purpose: choughs' lan-
guage, gabble enough, and good enough.
As for you, interpreter, you must seem very
politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to
beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to re-
turn and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill
be time enough to go home. What shall I
say I have done? It must be a very 30
plausive invention that carries it; they begin
to smoke me; and disgraces have of late
knocked too often at my door. I find my
tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath
the fear of Mars before it and of his crea-
tures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Sec. Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine
own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to under-
take the recovery of this drum, being not 40
ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing
I had no such purpose? I must give myself
some hurts, and say I got them in exploit:
yet slight ones will not carry it; they will
say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great
ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what 's

appears to be: "We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by each other; for, provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient." The *"chough"* is a bird of the jack-daw kind.—H. N. H.

the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils. 50

Sec. Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Sec. Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

Sec. Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was 60 stripped.

Sec. Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

Sec. Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

Sec. Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it. 70

Sec. Lord. You shall hear one anon.

47–50. *"Tongue,"* etc.; Parolles is in a quandary: slight wounds will not serve his turn; great ones he dare not give himself; and so he is casting about what scheme he shall light upon next. He then goes on to lecture his tongue for getting him into such a scrape.—H. N. H.

49. *"Bajazet's mule"*; the allusion has not yet been explained; perhaps *"Bajazet's"* is a blunder on the part of Parolles for *"Balaam's."*—I. G.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's,—
[*Alarum within.*
Sec. Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.
All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.
Par. O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.
[*They seize and blindfold him.*
First Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.
Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment: 79
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I 'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.
First Sold. Boskos vauvado: I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerelybonto, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.
Par. O!
First Sold. O, pray, pray, pray! Manka revania dulche. 90
Sec. Lord. Oscorbidulchos volivorco.
First Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.
Par. O, let me live!
And all the secrets of our camp I 'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I 'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.
First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.
First Sold. Acordo linta. 100
Come on; thou art granted space.
[*Exit, with Parolles guarded. A short alarum within.*
Sec. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.
Sec. Sold. Captain, I will.
Sec. Lord. A' will betray us all unto ourselves:
Inform on that.
Sec. Sold. So I will, sir.
Sec. Lord. Till then I 'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was

When your sweet self was got. 10
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that;
I prithee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Aye, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn! 20
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.

14. *"vows";* his vows never to treat Helena as his wife.—H. N. H.

20–31. Few passages in Shakespeare have been more belabored than this. To understand it, we must bear in mind what Bertram has been doing and trying to do. He has been swearing love to Diana, and in the strength of that oath wants she should do that which would ruin her. This is what she justly calls *loving* her *ill,* because it is a *love* that seeks to *injure* her. She therefore retorts upon him, that oaths in such a suit are but an adding of perjury to lust. As to the latter part of the passage, we agree entirely with Mr. Collier, that "these lines have not been understood on account of the inversion." The first *him* refers to *Jove,* and *whom,* not to this, but to the second *him;* or rather *whom* and the latter *him* are correlative. The meaning, then, at once appears, if we render the sentence thus: "This has no holding, this will not hold, to swear by Heaven that I will work against him, or seek his hurt, whom I protest to love." What, therefore, does she conclude? why, that his *oaths* are no oaths, but mere *words* and *poor, unseal'd,* unratified *conditions.*—H. N. H.

What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness: then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd, 30
At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so persever.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre

25. *"Jove's,"* probably substituted for the original God's, in obedience to the statute against profanity. Johnson conjectured *"Love's."* —I. G.

36. *"Who then recover"*; the Folios read, *"who then recovers,"* changed unnecessarily by Pope to *"which then recover,"* but *"who"* is often used for "an irrational antecedent personified," though in this passage the antecedent may be *"of me"* implied in *"my"*; *"my sick desires"*="the sick desires of me"; in this latter case "recovers" is the more common third person singular, instead of the first person after *"who."*—I. G.

38. *"I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,"* the reading of Folios 1, 2; Folio 3, *"make ropes"*; Folio 4, *"make ropes . . . scar."* This is one of the standing cruxes in the text of Shakespeare; some thirty emendations have been proposed for *"ropes"* and *"scarre."* e. g. *"hopes . . . affairs"*; *"hopes . . . scenes"*; *"hopes . . . scare"*; *"slopes . . . scarre"*: other suggestions are, *"may cope's . . . sorte"*; *"may rope's . . . snarle"*;

That we 'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I 'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power 40
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honor 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honor 's such a ring:
My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honor on my part, 50
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honor, yea, my life, be thine,
And I 'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:
I 'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:

"may rope's . . . snare," &c. The apostrophe in the First and Second Folios makes it almost certain that *" 's"* stands for *"us."* Possibly *"make"* is used as an auxiliary; *"make rope's"* would then mean "do constrain, or ensnare us." Or is *"make rope"* a compound verb? *"Scarre"* may be *"scare"* (*i. e.* "fright"). The general sense seems to be, "I see that men may reduce us to such a fright, that we'll forsake ourselves."—I. G.

My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd: 60
And on your finger in the night I 'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men 70
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me
When his wife 's dead; therefore I 'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only in this disguise I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

73. *"braid";* Richardson derives *braid* from the Anglo-Saxon *bræ-gan,* and explains it to mean hasty, sudden, violent. Mr. Dyce accepts his derivation, but thinks its meaning here to be "violent in desire, lustful." But the balance of authority seems to be with Steevens and Singer, who make it another word, from the Anglo-Saxon *bred,* and explain it as meaning false, deceitful, perfidious. This agrees very well with the old character which foreign writers from Tacitus to Coleridge have generally set upon the French as a nation. And it is noticeable that Diana speaks as if she had now found an individual example of what she considered a national characteristic.—H. N. H.

Scene III

The Florentine camp.

Enter the two French Lords and some two or three Soldiers.

First Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

First Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the 10 everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

First Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Sec. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honor: he hath given her 20 his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

First Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Sec. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And

as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself. 30

First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

Sec. Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to this hour.

First Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit. 40

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

First Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

27, 28. *"reveal themselves . . . ends";* this may mean, "they are perpetually talking about the mischief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it."—H. N. H.

29, 30. *"in his proper stream,"* etc.; that is, betrays his own secrets in his talk.—H. N. H.

31. *"damnable"* for *damnably;* the adjective used adverbially.—H. N. H.

36–40. *"I would gladly,"* etc.; this is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how ill he has judged, will be less confident and more open to admonition. *Counterfeit,* besides its ordinary signification of a person pretending to be what he is not, also meant a *picture:* the word *set* shows that it is used in both senses here.—H. N. H.

Sec. Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France? 50

First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretense is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there 60 residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Sec. Lord. How is this justified?

First Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of 70 the place.

Sec. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Aye, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Sec. Lord. I am heartily sorry that he 'll be glad of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times 80

we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valor hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! where 's your master! 90

Serv. He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

Sec. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here 's his lordship now. 100

Enter Bertram.

How now, my lord! is 't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels

of dispatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not 110 ended yet.

Sec. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier. 120

Sec. Lord. Bring him forth: has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

Sec. Lord. I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a'?

Sec. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't,

117. *"dialogue"*; Mr. Collier thinks this probably refers to some popular stage performance of the time.—H. N. H.

as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles guarded, and First Soldier.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say 140
nothing of me: hush, hush!
First Lord. Hoodman comes! Portotartarossa.
First Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?
Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.
First Sold. Bosko chimurcho.
First Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.
First. Sold. You are a merciful general. Our 150
general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.
Par. And truly, as I hope to live.
First Sold. [*reads*] First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?
Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live. 160
First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?
Par. Do: I 'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.
Ber. All 's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!
First Lord. You 're deceived, my lord: this is

Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger. 170

Sec. Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I 'll speak truth.

First Lord. He 's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the 180 nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth 's a truth, the rogues are marvelous poor.

First Sold. [*reads*] Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: 190 Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so

180. "*con . . . thanks*"; that is, I am not beholden to him for it. To *con thanks* exactly answers to the French *savoir gré*. It is found in several writers of Shakespeare's time. To *con* and to *ken* are from the Saxon *cunnan*, to know, to may or can, to be able.—H. N. H.

189, 190. "*were to live this present hour*"; perhaps we should read, "if I were *but to live this present hour*"; unless the blunder be meant to show the fright of Parolles.—H. N. H.

many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake 200 themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the Duke.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down. [*Reads*] You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke; what his valor, honesty, and expertness in 210 wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

200. *"cassocks";* soldier's cloaks or upper garments. There was a plebeian *cassock,* or gaberdine, worn by country people, which is carefully distinguished from this by Nicot and his follower Cotgrave.—H. N. H.

208. *"Dumain";* we thus learn at last that the French gentleman's name is Dumain. We have already seen, in Act iii. sc. 6, that the French Envoy is his brother. In the original there is a good deal of confusion, both in their entrances, and in the prefixes to their speeches.—H. N. H.

First Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice 220
in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

First Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall 230
hear of your lordship anon.

First Sold. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

First Sold. Marry, we 'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it
is there, or it is upon a file with the Duke 's 240
other letters in my tent.

First Sold. Here 'tis; here 's a paper: shall I read it to you?

222. "fool"; not an "allowed fool," or a fool by art and profession, but a natural fool; probably assigned to the sheriff's care and keeping.—H. N. H.

224–226. In Whitney's *Emblems* there is a story of three women who threw dice to ascertain which of them should die first. She who lost affected to laugh at the decrees of fate, when a tile suddenly falling put an end to her existence.—H. N. H.

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.
Ber. Our interpreter does it well.
First Lord. Excellently.
First Sold. [*reads*] Dian, the count 's a fool, and full of gold,—
Par. That is not the Duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.
First Sold. Nay, I 'll read it first, by your favor.
Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds.
Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue!
First Sold. [*reads*] When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count 's a fool, I know it,

259. "*whale*"; there is probably an allusion here to the Story of Andromeda in old prints, where the monster is frequently represented as a *whale*.—H. N. H.

264. That is, a match well made is half won; make your match therefore, but make it well.—H. N. H.

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear, 270

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in 's forehead.

Sec. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he 's a cat to me.

First Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am 280 afraid to die; but that, my offenses being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Sold. We 'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the Duke and to his valor: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: 290 for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk;

276, 277. For some account of such as "are mad if they behold a cat," see *The Merchant of Venice,* Act iv. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

290. *"He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister," i. e.* "anything, however trifling, from any place, however holy."—I. G.

291. *"Nessus";* the Centaur killed by Hercules.—H. N. H.

and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he 300 has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

First Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he 's more and more a cat.

First Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the 310 English tragedians; to belie him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honor to be the officer at a place called there Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honor I can, but of this I am not certain.

First Lord. He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he 's a cat still. 320

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a quart d'écu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

327. *"and a perpetual succession for it"*; some such verb as *"grant"*

First Sold. What 's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Sec. Lord. Why does he ask him of me? 330

First Sold. What 's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine? 340

Par. Aye, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

First Sold. I 'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside*] I 'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? 350

First Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

is to be supplied. Hanmer altered *"for it"* to *"in it"*; Kinnear conjectured *"free in perpetuity."*—I. G.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

First Sold. That shall you, and take your leave 360
of all your friends. [*Unblinding him.*
So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

First Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not 370
a very coward, I 'ld compel it of you: but fare you well. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lords.*

First Sold. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

First Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. 380
[*Exit with Soldiers.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I 'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this, for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.

Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There 's place and means for every man alive. 390
I 'll after them. [*Exit.*

Scene IV

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd
His Grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking, 11
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We 'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,

9. *"Marseilles"*; it appears that *Marseilles* was pronounced as a word of three syllables. In the old copy it is written *Marcellæ.*—H. N. H.

You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labor
To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive 20
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you: 30
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our wagon is prepared, and time revives us:

23. *"saucy"* was sometimes used in the sense of *wanton.*—H. N. H.

30. *"I pray you"*; Blackstone proposed to read,—"Yet I *fray* you but with the word," referring, of course, to the word *suffer.* To *fray* is to *frighten.* There is something of plausibility in this; but, besides that it does not fadge very well with what Diana has just said, the sense runs clear enough, if with Warburton we understand *but with the word* to mean *in a very short time.*—H. N. H.

34. *"revives"*; so the Folios; *"reviles," "invites," "requires"* have been variously proposed; it is doubtful whether any change is necessary: "Time," says Helena, "gives us fresh courage."—I. G.

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine 's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his color: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me

1–8. In *The Winter's Tale,* Act iv. sc. 2, the Clown says,—"I must have *saffron* to color the warden *pies.*" From which it appears that in Shakespeare's time *saffron* was used to color pastry with. The phrase *"unbak'd and doughy* youth" shows that the same custom is alluded to here. Reference is also had to the coxcombical finery, "the scarfs and the bannerets," which this strutting vacuum cuts his dashes in. *Yellow* was then the prevailing color in the dress of such as Parolles, whose soul was in their clothes. Various passages might be cited in proof of this. Thus Sir Philip Sidney has *"saffron*-colored coat," and Ben Jonson in one of his songs speaks of "ribands, bells, and *safrond* lynnen." The concluding part of Lafeu's description identifies *red* as the color of a fantastical coxcomb's hose.—H. N. H.

the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs. 20

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service. 30

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

21. *"nose-herbs";* that is, herbs to be *smelled of,* not herbs to be *eaten.* *"Salad"* is not in the original copy: it was supplied by Rowe, and has been universally received.—H. N. H.

33. *"bauble";* the fool's *bauble,* says Douce, was "a short stick ornamented at the end with the figure of a fool's head, or sometimes with that of a doll or puppet. To this instrument there was frequently annexed an inflated bladder, with which the fool belabored those who offended him, or with whom he was inclined to make sport."—H. N. H.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are. 40

Laf. Who 's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there 's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always 50 loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they 'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; 60 and I tell thee so before, because I would

42. *"an English name";* Folios 1, 2, *"maine";* Folio 3, *"main";* Folio 4, *"mean";* Rowe first suggested *"name";* the allusion is obviously to the Black Prince.—I. G.

43. *"his fisnomy is more hotter";* Hanmer's proposal *"honor'd"* for *"hotter"* seems to be a most plausible emendation.—I. G.

Warburton thought we should read *honor'd;* but the Clown's allusion is double; to Edward *the Black Prince,* and to the *prince of darkness.* The presence of Edward was indeed *hot* in France: the other allusion is obvious.—H. N. H.

58. *"flowery way";* so in *Macbeth,* Act ii. sc. 3: "That go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire."—H. N. H.

not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord that 's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son

will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honorable privilege. 100

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder 's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face: whether there be a scar under 't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honor; so belike is that. 110

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. Faith, there 's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt.*

107. *"pile";* referring to the pile of the velvet patch.—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Marseilles. A street.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.
Gent. I have been sometimes there. 11

6. *"Enter a Gentleman"*; Folio 1 reads *"A gentle Astringer"*; Folio 2, *"A gentle Astranger"*; Folios 3, 4, *"A Gentleman a stranger."* *"Astringer"*= a keeper of goshawks; the word occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare. There seems, however, no very particular reason for its omission in modern editions, though it is true that in the Folio the speeches given to "the Astringer" all have the prefix *"Gent."*—I. G.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Gent. What 's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence. 21
Gent. The king 's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir!
Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence removed last night and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me, 30
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I 'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Rousillon. Before the Count's palace.

Enter Clown, and Parolles, following.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu, this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind. 10

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will

1. *"Good Monsieur Lavache"*; Folio 1, *"Lauatch"*; Folio 2, *"Lavatch"*; Folios, 3, 4, *"Levatch"*; Tollet's conjecture *"Lavache"* has been generally adopted. Clarke suggests that it may have been intended for *Lavage,* which, in familiar French, is used to express "slop," "puddle," "washiness." Something is to be said in favor of Jervis' proposed reading, *"Lapatch,"* *i. e.* "patch"= clown, with the prefix *"la"* in imitation of *"Lafeu."*—I. G.

5. *"fortune's mood"* is several times used by Shakespeare for the whimsical *caprice* of fortune.—H. N. H.

10. *"allow the wind"*; that is, stand to the leeward of me.—H. N. H.

stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! prithee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat,—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: pray, you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.* 20

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched. 30

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There 's a quart d'écu for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends: I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honor to hear me one single word. 40

27. *"Similes of comfort"*; Theobald's certain emendation for the reading of the Folios, *"smiles of comfort."*—I. G.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha 't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than 'word,' then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee. 50

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king 's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow. 60

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

44. *"word"*; a quibble is intended on the word *Parolles,* which in French signifies *words.*—H. N. H.

Scene III

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.
Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.
King. My honor'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot. 11
Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon, the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady
Offense of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,

1, 2. That is, in losing her we lost a large portion of our esteem, which she possessed.—H. N. H.

6. *"blaze"*; the old copy reads *blade*. Theobald proposed the present reading.—H. N. H.

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither; 20
We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offense is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me 30
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole:
Not one word more of the consumed time.

Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees 40
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege, at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favor;
Scorn'd a fair color, or express'd it stolen; 50
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came
That she whom all men praised and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offense,
Crying 'That 's good that 's gone.' Our rash faults 60
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what 's done,

While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we 'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day. 70

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favor from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a ring.*] By my old beard,
And every hair that 's on 't, Helen, that 's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not. 80

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood

65, 66.

> *"Our own love waking cries to see what's done,*
> *While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon."*

Johnson conjectured *"slept"* for *"sleeps," i. e.* "love cries to see what was done while hatred slept, and suffered mischief to be done." Mason proposed *"old"* for *"own."* W. G. Clarke ingeniously emended *"shameful hate"* into *"shame full late,"* but the emendation destroys the antithesis between *"love"* and *"hate."* It is best to leave the lines as they stand, though the words *"our own love"* are somewhat doubtful: the general meaning is simple enough.—I. G.

84. *"bade"; I told* her.—H. N. H.

Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it 90
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived, my lord; she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engaged: but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honor
As she had made the overture, she ceased
In heavy satisfaction and would never 100
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know

93. Johnson remarks that Bertram still has too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not know it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window.—H. N. H.

102. *"multiplying medicine";* the philosopher's stone. Plutus, the great alchymist, who knows the secrets of the *elixir* and *philosopher's stone,* by which the alchymists pretended that base metals might be transmuted into gold.—H. N. H.

That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed, 110
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honor;
And makest conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away. 120
[*Guards seize Bertram.*
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him!
We 'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy

121. "*my fore-past proofs,*" etc.; *i. e.* "the proofs which I have already had are sufficient to show that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than sought, and have *unreasonably* had *too little fear*" (Johnson).—I. G.

Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine, 130
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*reads*] Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to 140 say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honor 's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPILET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I 'll none of him. 150

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,

To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors:
Go speedily and bring again the count.
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter Bertram, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.

Enter Widow and Diana.

What woman 's that?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet: 160
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honor
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She 's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry, 170

157. *"as,"* means *as soon as.*—H. N. H.
165. *"cease";* decease, die.—H. N. H.

You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness 180
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honor
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honor
Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She 's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so, 190
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife;
That ring 's a thousand proofs.
King. Methought you said 200
You saw one here in court could witness it.
Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name 's Parolles.
Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Ber. What of him?
He 's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he 'll utter,
That will speak any thing?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think she has: certain it is I liked her, 211
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,

196. *"He blushes, and 'tis it"*; Folios *"'tis hit,"* which has been variously explained as an Archaic form of "it"; as an error for *"'tis his,"* or *"is hit."* It seems unnecessary to alter the Folio; *"'tis hit"* can very well mean "the blow has been well aimed, it has struck home," "it" being used impersonally.—I. G.

206. *"quoted"; quote* was often used for *note, observe,* as in *Hamlet,*—"I am sorry that with better heed and judgment I had not *quoted* him."—H. N. H.

Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient: 220
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being abed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement. 230

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

217. *"Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace";* Walker's certain emendation of the Folio reading *"her insuite comming";* other suggestions have been made:—*"Her instant comity"* (Bubier); *"Her Jesuit cunning"* (Bulloch); *"Her own suit, coming"* (Perring). —I. G.

217. *"modern";* Shakespeare frequently has *modern* in the sense of common, ordinary; but here it seems to have the force of *youthful, fresh.* Thus Florio: "Modernaglie, moderne things; also taken for *young* wenches." The meaning, however, may be, that though her beauty be but common, yet her solicitation was such, so artful, as to subdue me.—H. N. H.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.
Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. Aye, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I 'll keep off,
By him and by this woman here what know you?
Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honorable gentleman: tricks that he hath had in him, which gentlemen have. 240
King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?
Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?
King. How, I pray you?
Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.
King. How is that?
Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.
King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. What an equivocal companion is this! 250
Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.
Laf. He 's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.
Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?
Par. Faith, I know more than I 'll speak.
King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?
Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her: for indeed he was mad for her, and 260

talked of Satan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too 270 fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.
This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Aye, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman 's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure. 280

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I 'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I 'll put in bail, my liege.
King. I think thee now some common customer.
Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while? 290
Dia. Because he 's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he 'll swear to 't;
I 'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
King. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir:
[*Exit Widow.*
The jeweler that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself, 300
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there 's my riddle,—One that 's dead is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is 't real that I see?
Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both. O, pardon!
Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid, 311
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here 's your letter; this it says:
'When from my finger you can get this ring
And are by me with child,' &c. This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I 'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you! 320
O my dear mother, do I see you living?
Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:
[*To Parolles*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so,
I thank thee: wait on me home, I 'll make sport with thee:
Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.
King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
[*To Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I 'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess that by thy honest aid 330
Thou kep'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Flourish.*

EPILOGUE

King. The king 's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
[*Exeunt.*

1. *"The King's a beggar";* an allusion to the old story of *"The King and the Beggar"* (*cp.* Percy's *Reliques*), often referred to by Shakespeare.—I. G.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A = one; I. iii. 253.

About, "go not about," "do not beat about the bush"; I. iii. 203.

Accordingly, equally; II. v. 9.

Across, "break across," a term used in tilting; here used for a passage at arms of wit; II. i. 71.

Act, action; I. ii. 30.

Admiration, that which excites admiration; II. i. 92.

Adoptious, "a. christendoms"= "adopted christian names"; I. i. 196.

Advertisement, advice; IV. iii. 249.

Advice, discretion; III. iv. 19.

Alone, "alone must think," must only think; I. i. 207.

Ample, amply; III. v. 50.

Anatomized, laid open, shown up; IV. iii. 37.

Antiquity, old age; II. iii. 218.

Appeach'd = impeached, informed against (you); I. iii. 206.

Applications, attempts at healing; I. ii. 74.

Apprehensive, "ruled by imaginations and caprices," fantastic; I. ii. 60.

Approof, "so in a. lives not his epitaph as in your royal speech"="his epitaph receives by nothing such confirmation and living truth as by your speech"; I. ii. 51; "valiant a." = approved valor; II. v. 3.

Approved, proved; I. ii. 10.

Araise, raise from the dead; II. i. 80.

Armipotent, omnipotent; IV. iii. 274.

Artists, "relinquished of the artists," *i. e.* given up, despaired of by learned doctors; II. iii. 11.

Attempt, venture; I. iii. 269.

Attends, awaits; II. iii. 56.

Authentic, of acknowledged authority; II. iii. 13.

Avails, advantage, promotion; III. i. 22.

Band = bond; IV. ii. 56.

Barber's chair, "like a b.c." a proverbial expression (found in Ray's *Proverbs,* etc.); II. ii. 19.

Baring, shaving; IV. i. 57.

Barnes (the reading of Folio 1; the other Folios "bearns" or "barns"), children; I. iii. 29.

Be, "to be"= to be called; I. ii. 59.

Bestow, guard, treasure up; I. iii. 240.

Better = men your superior; III. i. 22.

Big, haughty; I. iii. 105.

Blaze (Theobald's conjecture for "blade" of the Folios), heat, fire; V. iii. 6.

Blood, nature, disposition; I. iii. 146; passion; III. vii. 21.
Boarded, wooed; V. iii. 212.
Bold, assured; V. i. 5.
Bond, duty, obligation; I. iii. 203.
Both, "both our mothers," the mother of us both; I. iii. 178.
Braid, deceitful; IV. ii. 73.
Braving, defiant; I. ii. 3.
Breaking, breaking up, disbanding; IV. iv. 11.
Breathe, takes exercise; II. iii. 274.
Breathing, exercise, action; I. ii. 17.
Brief, "now-born br." *i. e.* "the contract recently made" (Warburton, "new born"); II. iii. 185.
Bring = take; III. v. 100.
Broken, "my mouth no more were broken," had not lost its teeth; II. iii. 65.
Brokes, uses as a medium; III. v. 78.
Brought, (?) "brought with him" (changed by Theobald to "bought"); II. i. 66.
Bunting, a bird resembling a lark in every particular, but with little or no song; II. v. 7.
Buttock; "pin b., quatch b., brawn b." = thin b., flat b., fleshy b.; II. ii. 20.
By, pass by; (Warburton supposes a line to be lost after *"past"*); II. iii. 246.

Canary, "a quick and lively dance"; II. i. 78.
"Can't no other," can it be no other way; I. iii. 180.
Capable of, apt to receive the impress of, susceptible; I. i. 109; I. i. 232.
"Cap of the time," "they wear themselves in the c." = "they are the very ornaments of the time"; II. i. 54.
Capriccio, caprice, whim; II. iii. 315.
Captious, "recipient, capable of receiving what is put into it" (Malone); others suggest "cap'cious" or "capacious," or = Latin "captiosus," *i. e.* deceitful or fallacious; I. iii. 219.
Carbonadoed, cut across, like meat for broiling; IV. v. 111.
Case, flay, skin; strip off his disguise; III. vi. 117.
Catch'd, caught, perceived; I. iii. 187.
Cesse (the reading of Folio I.; F. 2, *ceasse;* F. 3, *ceass*), cease; V. iii. 72.
Champion, knight who fought for a person; IV. ii. 50.
Change, interchange; III. ii. 104.
Chape, "the metallic part at the end of the scabbard"; IV. iii. 170.
Charge, cost; II. iii. 119.
Choice; "most rich c." choicest treasure; III. vii. 26.
Choughs' language, chattering; IV. i. 22.
Cites, proves; I. iii. 225.
Clew, a ball of thread; I. iii. 197.
Coil, ado, fuss; "kept a coil with," made a fuss about; II. i. 27.
Collateral, indirect; I. i. 102.
Color; "holds not c." is not in keeping; II. v. 63.
Commission, warrant; II. iii. 282.
Commoner, harlot; V. iii. 195.
Companion, fellow (used contemptuously); V. iii. 251.
Company, companion; IV. iii. 37.

COMPOSITION, compact; IV. iii. 22.
COMPT, account; V. iii. 57.
CONDITION, character; IV. iii. 204.
CONGIED WITH, taken my leave of; IV. iii. 104.
CONSOLATE, console; III. ii. 135.
CONVENIENCE, propriety; III. ii. 78.
CONVERSATION, intercourse; I. iii. 249.
CORAGIO, courage; II. v. 95.
CORANTO, a quick, lively dance; II. iii. 48.
CORRUPT, misquote; I. iii. 88.
COUNT OF, take c. of; IV. iii. 268.
COUNTY, Count; III. vii. 22.
"COX MY PASSION," a corruption of "God's my passion!"; V. ii. 44.
CREDENCE, trust; III. iii. 2.
CRESSID'S UNCLE, *i. e.* Pandarus; II. i. 101.
CROWN; "French c."; bald head; II. ii. 25.
CROWN, "the fine's the c."; probably a translation of the Latin proverb, *"Finis coronat opus"*; IV. iv. 35.
CURD, curdle; I. iii. 164.
CURIOUS, careful; I. ii. 20.
CURIOUSLY, carefully; IV. iii. 39.
CUSTARD; "Like him that leaped into the custard," an allusion to the custom at City banquets for the City fool to leap into a large bowl of custard set for the purpose; II. v. 38.
CUSTOMER, harlot; V. iii. 287.

DARKLY, secretly; IV. iii. 14.
DEADLY (used adverbially); V. iii. 117.
DEATH; "the white d." the paleness of death; II. iii. 76.
DEBATE IT, strive for the mastery; I. ii. 75.
DEBOSH'D = debauched, perverted; II. iii. 144.
DEFAULT, at need; II. iii. 240.
DELIVERANCE = delivery; II. i. 86.
DELIVERS, tells; IV. iii. 181.
DIAL, clock, watch; II. v. 6.
DIET, to prescribe a regimen or scanty diet (hence "to deny me the full rights of wife"); V. iii. 222; "he is dieted to his hour," *i. e.* "the hour of his appointment is fixed"; IV. iii. 35.
DIGESTED, absorbed; V. iii. 74.
DILATED, prolonged, detailed; II. i. 59.
DILEMMAS, perplexing situations; III. vi. 84.
DISTINCTION; "confound d.," make it impossible to distinguish them one from the other; II. iii. 126.
DIURNAL, "d. ring," daily circuit; II. i. 166.
DOLE, portion, share; II. iii. 175.
DOLPHIN, possibly used with a quibbling allusion to Dolphin = Dauphin; but perhaps only "the sportive, lively fish" is alluded to; II. iii. 30.

EARS, plows, cultivates; I. iii. 49.
EMBOSSED, inclosed (like game in a wood), a term used in hunting; III. vi. 112.
EMBOWEL'D, exhausted; I. iii. 256.
ENCOUNTER, meeting; III. vii. 32.
ENTERTAINMENT, service, pay; III. vi. 13; IV. i. 17.
ENTRENCHED, cut; II. i. 44.
ESTATE, rank, social grade; III. vii. 4.

ESTATES, ranks, social status; I. iii. 124.
ESTEEM, high estimation, worth; V. iii. 1.
ESTIMATE; "in thee hath e.," is enjoyed by thee; II. i. 184.
EVEN, act up to; I. iii. 3; "make it e.," grant it; II. i. 195; full; V. iii. 326.
EXAMINED, questioned; III. v. 70.
EXORCIST, one who raises spirits; V. iii. 306.
EXPEDIENT, (?) expeditious, quick; II. iii. 185.
EXPRESSIVE, open-hearted; II. i. 53.

FACINERIOUS, Parolles' blunder for "facinorous"; II. iii. 34.
FAITH, religious faith; IV. i. 86.
FALLS, befalls; V. i. 37.
FANCY, liking, love; II. iii. 174.
FATED, fateful; I. i. 242.
FAVOR, face, figure, countenance; I. i. 97; V. iii. 49.
FED; "highly fed," used quibblingly in double sense; (1) well fed, and (2) well bred; perhaps also with an allusion to the proverb "better fed than taught"; II. ii. 3.
FEE-SIMPLE, unconditional possession; IV. iii. 324.
FETCH OFF, rescue; III. vi. 21.
FINE; "in fine"=in short; III. vii. 33.
FINE, artful; V. iii. 271.
FISNOMY, the clown's corruption of "physionomy"; IV. v. 43.
FLESHES, satiates; IV. iii. 19.
FOND; "fond done, done fond," done foolishly, done fondly; I. iii. 80; foolish; V. iii. 179.
FONDNESS, love; I. iii. 185.
FOR=because; III. v. 49.
FOREGONE, gone before, past; I. iii. 149.
FOUND=found out; II. iii. 215; II. iv. 33.
FRANK, liberal, generous; I. ii. 20.

GAMESTER, harlot; V. iii. 189.
GRACE, favor; V. ii. 52.
GOSSIPS, stands gossip, *i. e.* sponsor for; I. i. 197.
GO UNDER, pass for; III. v. 24.
GROSS, palpable; I. iii. 187.

HAGGISH, ugly and wrinkled, like a hag; I. ii. 29.
HAND, "in any h." in any case; III. vi. 48.
HAPLY, perhaps; III. ii. 84.
HAPPY; "in h. time," *i. e.* "in the nick of time"; V. i. 6.
HAWKING, hawk-like; I. i. 108.
HELM=helmet; III. iii. 7.
HERALDRY; "gives you h." entitles you to; II. iii. 283.
HERB OF GRACE, *i. e.* rue; IV. v. 19.
"HIC JACET," the beginning of an epitaph meaning "here lies," die in the attempt; III. vi. 69.
HIGH BENT (a metaphor taken from the bending of a bow); V. iii. 10.
HIGHER, further up (into Italy); IV. iii. 50.
HIGH-REPENTED, deeply repented; V. iii. 36.
HILDING, a base wretch; III. vi. 4.
HIS, its; I. ii. 41.
HOLD, maintain; I. i. 91.
HOLDING, binding force; IV. ii. 27.
HOME, thoroughly; V. iii. 4.
HONESTY, chastity; III. v. 68.
HOODMAN (an allusion to the

game of "hood-man blind," or "Blindmanbuff"); IV. iii. 142.

Host, lodge; III. v. 101.

Housewife; "I play the noble h. with the time," spoken ironically; II. ii. 65.

Howsome'er (Folios 1, 2, "howsomere"; Folio 3, howsomeere; Folio 4, howsomere), howsoever; I. iii. 60.

Idle, foolish, reckless; II. v. 53; III. vii. 26.

Important, importunate; III. vii. 21.

Importing, full of import; V. iii. 136.

Impositions, things imposed, commands; IV. iv. 29.

In, into; V. ii. 51.

In; "to in," to get in; I. iii. 51.

Inaidible, cureless, incurable; II. i. 123.

Inducement, instigation; III. ii. 96.

Instance, proof; IV. i. 47.

Intenible, incapable of holding or retaining; I. iii. 217.

Intents, intentions; III. iv. 21.

Into (so Folios 1, 2; Folio 3, 4, "unto"), upon; I. iii. 269.

Isbels, waiting women generally; III. ii. 13, 14.

Jack-an-apes, ape, monkey; used as a term of contempt; III. v. 92.

Joul, knock; I. iii. 62.

Justified, proved; IV. iii. 65.

Kicky-wicky, "a ludicrous term for a wife"; II. iii. 302.

Kind, nature; I. iii. 71; I. iii. 194.

Knowingly, from experience; I. iii. 265.

Lack, want, need; III. iv. 19.

Languishings, lingering malady; I. iii. 244.

Last, last time; V. iii. 79.

Late, lately; I. iii. 117.

Leaguer, camp of besieging army; III. vi. 29.

Led, carried; "Has led the drum before the English tragedians"; alluding to the strolling players who were wont to announce their advent by a drum; IV. iii. 310.

Left off, abandoned; I. iii. 256.

Leg; "make a leg," make a bow; II. ii. 11.

Lend it, give love; I. ii. 68.

Lie, lodge; III. v. 37.

Ling, a fish eaten during Lent; here used in the general sense of meager food; III. ii. 14, 15.

Linsey-woolsey, literally a fabric of wool and linen; here a medley of words; IV. i. 13.

List, limit; II. i. 52.

Live, to live; II. i. 135.

Livelihood, liveliness, animation; I. i. 60.

'Longing (Folios correctly "longing"), belonging; IV. ii. 42.

Lordship, conjugal right and duty; V. iii. 157.

Lustic, lusty, sprightly; II. iii. 46.

Madding, maddening; V. iii. 214.

Make, look upon as; V. iii. 5.

Manifest, acknowledged, well-known; I. iii. 238.

Married . . . marr'd; pronounced much alike in Elizabethan English; hence used quibblingly; II. iii. 320.

Marseilles (trisyllabic; Folio 1 spells the name "Marcellæ,";

IV. iv. 9; "Marcellus,"; IV. v. 85).

MAUDLIN, colloquial form of Magdalen; V. iii. 68.

MEASURE, dance; II. i. 58.

MEDICINE, physician; II. i. 76.

MELL, meddle; IV. iii. 267.

MERE, merely, nothing but; III. v. 62.

MERELY, absolutely; IV. iii. 25.

METHINKS 'T, it seems to me; II. iii. 272.

MILE-END; alluding to the fact that the citizens of London used to be mustered and drilled there; IV. iii. 314.

MISDOUBT, mistrust; I. iii. 139.

MISPRISING, despising; III. ii. 34.

MISPRISION, contempt; II. iii. 158.

MODERN, common; II. iii. 2.

MODERN ("modest" has been suggested as an emendation), modish, stylish (rather than "ordinary," "commonplace"); V. iii. 217.

MODEST, "a m. one"; *i. e.* "a moderately favorable one"; II. i. 132.

MODULE, pattern, model; IV. iii. 119.

MOIETY, part, share; III. ii. 72.

MONSTROUS, monstrously; II. i. 188.

MONUMENTAL, memorial; IV. iii. 21.

MORRIS, Morris-dance; II. ii. 28.

"MORT DU VINAIGRE" (Folios "mor du vinager"), a meaningless oath used by Parolles; II. iii. 49.

MOTIVE, instrument; IV. iv. 20.

MURK, murky; II. i. 167.

MUSE, wonder, conjecture; II. v. 69.

MUTE; "all the rest is mute," I have no more to say to you; II. iii. 82.

MYSTERY, professional skill; III. vi. 71.

NATURE, temperament; III. i. 17; way; IV. iii. 181.

NAUGHTY, good for nothing; V. iii. 255.

NECESSITIED TO, in need of; V. iii. 85.

NEXT, nearest; I. iii. 67.

NICE, prudish; V. i. 15.

NOTE, mark of distinction, record; I. iii. 172.

OF, by; I. iii. 212; V. iii. 197; on; II. iii. 254; III. v. 107.

OFFICED ALL, performed all the duties or offices; III. ii. 133.

OF THEM, some of that kind; II. v. 48.

"O LORD, SIR!" An exclamation much used in fashionable society in Shakespeare's time; II. ii. 46.

ON, of; I. iii. 151.

ORDER, precautions, measures; IV. ii. 55.

ORDINARIES, meals, repasts; II. iii. 209.

OUT, over; I. ii. 58.

OUTWARD, not in the secret, uninitiated; III. i. 11.

OVERLOOKING, supervision; I. i. 46.

OWE, own; II. v. 83; OWES, owns; II. i. 9; OWED, owned; V. iii. 199.

PACE, "a certain and prescribed walk"; IV. v. 72.

PALMERS, pilgrims; III. v. 37.

PARTICULAR, part; II. v. 65.

PARTING; "present p." immediate departure; II. v. 60.

PASSAGE, anything that passes, or occurs; an event; I. i. 21.

PASSPORT, sentence of death; III. ii. 61.

PATIENCE, "ours be your p." let your patient hearing be ours; Epil. 5.

PERSPECTIVE, "a glass so cut as to produce an optical deception"; V. iii. 48.

PICKING; "p. a kernel out of a pomegranate"; stealing the most trifling article; II. iii. 279.

"PILOT'S GLASS," hour glass; II. i. 169.

PLACE, precedence; I. i. 117.

PLAUSIVE, plausible, pleasing; I. ii. 53.

PLEASE IT, if it please; III. v. 104.

PLUTUS (Rowe's correction of "Platus," the reading of the Folios), the god of wealth; V. iii. 101.

POISING US, adding the weight of patronage; II. iii. 160.

PORT, gate; III. v. 43.

PRACTICER, practitioner; II. i. 189.

PREDOMINANT, in the ascendant; I. i. 219

PREJUDICATES, prejudices; I. ii. 8.

PRESENT, immediate; II. ii. 70.

PRESENTLY, immediately, at once; II. iii. 165.

PRIME, flower of life; II. i. 186.

PROBABLE NEED, apparently necessary; II. iv. 53.

PROCEEDS, results; IV. ii. 62.

PROFESSION, that which she professes to be able to do; II. i. 87.

PROPER, used to emphasize *own;* IV. ii. 49.

PROPER, virtuous; IV. iii. 249.

PROPERTY, "that which is proper to," "particular quality"; II. i. 191.

QUART D'ÉCU (the Folios "cardecue"; V. ii. 36; Folio 1, "cardceu," Folios 2, 3, 4, "cardecue"; IV. iii. 324; the Folio spellings represent the colloquial pronunciation of the word in English); the quarter of a "French crown"= fifteen pence.

QUESTANT, he who is on the quest, seeker; II. i. 16.

QUICK, living; V. iii. 305.

QUIT, acquit; V. iii. 301.

RATE, price; V. iii. 218.

RAVIN, ravenous; III. ii. 124.

REAVE, bereave, deprive; V. iii. 86.

REBELLION; "natural r." rebellion of nature; V. iii. 6; "God delay our r.," *i. e.* "put off the day when our flesh shall rebel"; IV. iii. 23.

RELIGIOUS, a holy obligation; II. iii. 189.

REMAINDER (a legal term)= something limited over to a third person on the creation of an estate less than that which the grantor has; IV. iii. 326.

REMOVES, post-stages; V. iii. 131.

REPAIRS, restores, does me good; I. ii. 30.

REPEAL'D, called back; II. iii. 54.

REPETITION, remembrance; V. iii. 22.

REPLETE, full; II. iii. 182.

RESOLVEDLY, satisfactorily; V. iii. 333.

RESPECTS, reasons; II. v. 70.

REST, "set up your r." are resolved; II. i. 139.

RICHEST; "r. eyes," *i. e.* eyes having seen the most; V. iii. 17.

RING-CARRIER, go-between, pandar; III. v. 99.

ROUSILLON, an old province of France, separated from Spain by the Pyrenees; I. ii. 18.

RUFF, (?) the ruffle of the boot (that is, the part turned over the top); III. ii. 7.

RUTTISH, lustful; IV. iii. 252.

SACRAMENT; "take the s. on it," take my oath on it; IV. iii. 162.

SADNESS; "in good s." in all seriousness; IV. iii. 239.

SAFFRON; "villainous s.," alluding to the fashion of wearing yellow; IV. v. 3.

SANCTIMONY, sanctity; IV. iii. 60.

SATISFACTION; "heavy s." sorrowful acquiescence; V. iii. 100.

"SCARFS AND BANNERETS," silken ornaments hung upon various parts of the attire; II. iii. 212.

SCHOOLS, medical schools; I. iii. 255.

SEASON; "a day of s." a seasonable day; V. iii. 32.

SENOYS, Sienese, inhabitants of Siena; I. ii. 1.

SENSE, thought; I. i. 250.

SHALL = will assuredly; III. ii. 25.

SHALLOW; "you're shallow in great friends," "you are a superficial judge of the character of great friends"; I. iii. 47.

SHREWD, evil, bad; III. v. 75.

SHREWDLY, highly, badly; III. v. 96.

SICK FOR, pining for; I. ii. 16.

SINISTER, left; II. i. 43.

SITH (Folio 1 reads "sir"; emended by Dyce), since; V. iii. 156.

SITHENCE, since; I. iii. 133.

SMOCK; "the forehorse to a smock," as a squire of ladies; used contemptuously; II. i. 30.

SMOKED, scented; III. vi. 118.

"SNIPT-TAFFETA FELLOW," a fellow dressed in silks and ribbons; IV. v. 2.

SOLELY, absolutely, altogether; I. i. 115.

SOLEMN, ceremonious; IV. iii. 92.

SOVEREIGNTY; "general s." "sovereign remedies in various cases"; I. iii. 239.

SPARK, fashionable young man; II. i. 25.

SPEND, use, employ; V. i. 8.

SPIRIT (monosyllabic = sprite); II. i. 179.

SPOKE, spoken; II. v. 59.

SPORTIVE, pleasure-giving; III. ii. 113.

SPRAT, a worthless fellow, used contemptuously; III. vi. 119.

STAGGERS, "perplexity, bewilderment"; II. iii. 169.

ST. JAQUES LE GRAND, probably St. James of Compostella, in Spain, though probably Shakespeare had no particular shrine of St. James in mind; III. v. 41.

STALL, keep close, conceal; I. iii. 140.

STAR; "the most received s." leader of fashion; II. i. 57.

STEAD, help, aid; V. iii. 87.

STEELY; "virtue's steely bones,"—"steel-boned, unyielding, and uncomplying virtue"; I. i. 117.

STOMACH, inclination; III. vi. 70.

STRAIGHT, directly, straightway; IV. i. 22.

STRANGERS, foreign troops; IV. i. 17.
STRONGER, most important; IV. iii. 66.
SUBSCRIBED TO, "acknowledged the state of"; V. iii. 96.
SUCCESS, issue; III. vi. 90.
SUCCESS; "abstract of s." successful summary proceeding; IV. iii. 104.
SUCCESSION, others from doing the same; III. v. 25.
SUGGEST, tempt; IV. v. 48.
SUPERFLUOUS, having more than enough; I. i. 119.
SUPPOSITION, "beguile the s." deceive the opinion; set at rest the doubt; IV. iii. 347.
SURPRISED, to be surprised; I. iii. 128.
SWORD; "Spanish s." (swords of Toledo were famous); IV. i. 55.
SWORN COUNSEL, pledge of secrecy; III. vii. 9.

TABLE, tablet; I. i. 109.
TAX, reproach; II. i. 174.
THEORIC, theory; IV. iii. 169.
THITHERWARD, on his way thither; III. ii. 57.
THOSE OF MINE, those kinsmen of mine; I. iii. 268.
TINCT, tincture; V. iii. 102.
TITLE, want of rank; II. iii. 123.
TO, for; II. iii. 312.
TOLL (Folio 1 "toule"), probably ="pay a tax for the liberty of selling"; V. iii. 150.
TOO MUCH, excess; III. ii. 96.
TOOK = TAKEN; II. i. 151.
TOP, head; I. ii. 43.
TRAVAILS IN, works for; II. iii. 164.
TRIPLE, third; II. i. 112.
TUCKET, a flourish on the trumpet; III. v. 7.

UNDONE, used quibblingly; IV. iii. 373.
UNHAPPY, mischievous; IV. v. 67.
UNSEASON'D, inexperienced; I. i. 84.
USE, custom; V. i. 24.
USED, treated; I. ii. 42.

VALIDITY, value; V. iii. 192.

WANTED, was lacking; I. i. 12.
WARD, guardianship; I. i. 6.
WAS = had; III. ii. 48.
WEAR, wear out; V. i. 4.
WELL-ENTER'D, being well-initiated; II. i. 6.
WELL FOUND, of known skill; II. i. 106.
WHENCE, from that place where; III. ii. 128.
WHEREOF, with which; I. iii. 244.
WHOM, which (*i. e.* death); III. iv. 17.
WING; "of a good w.," a term derived from falconry = strong in flight; I. i. 228.
WOMAN, make me weak as a woman; III. ii. 55.
WOODCOCK, a popular name for a brainless fellow, a fool; IV. i. 103.
WORD, promise; *i. e.* thy word, or promise; II. i. 214.
WORLD; "to go to the world," = to get married; I. iii. 20–21.
WORTHY, well-deserved; IV. iii. 7.
WRITE, call myself, claim to be; II. iii. 206.

YIELD, supply, tell; III. i. 10.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Emma D. Sanford

GENERAL

1. Give a reason for the assumption that this play was not produced during Shakespeare's life-time.

2. To what one of Shakespeare's plays did he probably write *All's Well that Ends Well* as a companion play?

3. What is the dominant characteristic of Helena?

4. Give a brief synopsis of the source and compare it with Shakespeare's plot. To what other Shakespearean plays is this play similar?

ACT I

5. In what country does the action first take place? What is the next change of scene?

6. Explain (scene i) the expressions "in ward," and "that 'had'!"

7. Define the sorrow which Helena says she *affects* and that which she says she *has*.

8. In the opening scene of the play, what idea is given us of Helena's birth, and of her social aspirations?

9. Which kind of clown was the one of this play—an "idiot," one "silly by nature," or an "artificial" clown?

10. In scene iii, what Biblical phrase is suggested by "barnes are blessings"?

11. What religious controversy of the period is alluded to in "*wear the surplice* of humility over the *black gown* of a big heart"?

12. How does the Countess prevail upon Helena to dis-

close her love for Bertram? Is she sincere in her pose of a mother?

13. Does the Countess suspect Helena's true motive for rendering aid to the king (scene i)?

ACT II

14. What might the king's admonitions to the young Lords, upon their conduct in time of war, indicate regarding national characteristics?

15. Give one explanation of "higher Italy" (scene i).

16. Why is the king not in favor of Bertram's going to the war?

17. In Helena's speech to the king (scene i) what Biblical knowledge does Shakespeare reveal?

18. What spirit does Helena evince, in her choice of Bertram for a husband, when she says, "I dare not say I *take* you; but *give* . . . . ." (scene iii)?

19. Briefly narrate Bertram's rejection, and subsequent acceptance of, Helena's proposal. What sentiment does his conduct arouse—favorable, or unfavorable to himself?

20. Explain the allusion to "leaping into the custard" (scene v).

21. How does Helena show her great faith in eventually winning Bertram's love, upon his farewell to her?

ACT III

22. What word does Helena receive from Bertram in regard to their marriage? What effect does this letter have upon his mother's attitude towards him and towards Helena?

23. In scenes iii and iv what are the changed situations of Bertram and Helena?

24. Why is scene v an important one, dramatically?

25. Explain Helena's final speech in scene vii.

ACT IV

26. What is the similarity of the characters Parolles and Falstaff?

27. What addition to the plot is made in scene ii?

28. Does Bertram know of his wife's (reported) death when he makes love to Diana (scene iii)?

29. What dramatic use is served by the examination of Parolles (scene iii)?

30. What is the meaning of "the fine's the crown" (scene iv)?

31. In scene v, what proposition does Lafeu make to the Countess?

32. Explain the phrase "patch of velvet . . . . . two pile and a half . . . . ." (scene v).

ACT V

33. What odd metaphor is used by the Clown in scene ii?

34. Explain Lafeu's allusions to Parolles' drum.

35. In scene iii, what does Lafeu mean to convey by "richest eyes"?

36. What character and scene in *Much Ado About Nothing* are we reminded of, when Bertram expresses his willingness to wed Lafeu's daughter?

37. Whose ring does Bertram use in plighting his troth with Lafeu's daughter?

38. What falsehood is Bertram guilty of and why does he, therefore, seem to be vastly unworthy of the love of Helena?

39. How does the episode of the two rings finally work out?

40. How is Parolles made use of in humiliating Bertram?

41. What is the significance of the name "Parolles" and why is it an appropriate one?

42. Is the flippancy of Diana's replies to the king merely to lengthen out the examination? If so, why?

43. Is the quick action of the last scene a strong, or, a weak, point?

44. Are we led to suppose that, through the deception practised by Helena on Bertram, the latter had actually become enamored of his wife? Does this account for his pledge to "love her dearly"?

45. In the Epilogue, explain the use of "the king's a beggar."

46. How many times is the title of the play quoted in the text?

47. Compare the Countess with other Shakespearean mothers.

48. Name some other plays in which Shakespeare has for his plot the testing of marital fidelity.

49. Is the character of Helena used by Shakespeare to demonstrate the possible superiority of a noble character over a noble birth?

50. Does the fact that Helena "stoops to conquer" make her character any the less attractive?

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Macbeth was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies pp. 131 to 151, and is placed between *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*. It is mentioned among the plays registered in the books of the Stationers' Company by the publishers of the Folio as "not formerly entered to other men." The text is perhaps one of the worst printed of all the plays, and textual criticism has been busy emending and explaining away the many difficulties of the play. Even the editors of the Second Folio were struck by the many hopeless corruptions, and attempted to provide a better text. The first printers certainly had before them a very faulty transcript, and critics have attempted to explain the discrepancies by assuming that Shakespeare's original version had been tampered with by another hand.

"MACBETH" AND MIDDLETON'S "WITCH"

Some striking resemblances in the incantation scenes of *Macbeth* and Middleton's *Witch* have led to a somewhat generally accepted belief that Thomas Middleton was answerable for the alleged un-Shakespearean portions of *Macbeth*. This view has received confirmation from the fact that the stage-directions of *Macbeth* contain allusions to two songs which are found in Middleton's *Witch* (viz. "*Come away, come away*," III, v; "*Black Spirits and white*," IV, i). Moreover, these very songs are found in D'Avenant's re-cast of *Macbeth* (1674).[1] It is, however,

[1] The first of these songs is found in the edition of 1673, which contains also two other songs not found in the Folio version.

possible that Middleton took Shakespeare's songs and expanded them, and that D'Avenant had before him a copy containing additions transferred from Middleton's cognate scenes. This view is held by the most competent of Middleton's editors, Mr. A. H. Bullen, who puts forward strong reasons for assigning the *Witch* to a later date than *Macbeth*, and rightly resents the proposals on the part of able scholars to hand over to Middleton some of the finest passages of the play.[1] Charles Lamb had already noted the essential differences between Shakespeare's and Middleton's Witches. "Their names and some of the properties, which Middleton has given to his hags, excites smiles. The Weird Sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth. But in a lesser degree, the Witches of Middleton are fine creatures. Their power, too, is in some measure over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, *like a thick scurf o'er life*" (*Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*).

THE PORTER'S SPEECH

Among the passages in *Macbeth*, that have been doubted are the soliloquy of the Porter, and the short dialogue that follows between the Porter and Macduff. Even Coleridge objected to "the low soliloquy of the Porter"; he believed them to have been written for the mob by some other hand, perhaps with Shakespeare's consent, though he was willing to make an exception in the case of the Shake-

[1] The following are among the chief passages supposed to resemble Middleton's style, and rejected as Shakespeare's by the Clarendon Press editors:—Act I. Sc. ii. iii. 1–37; Act II. Sc. i. 61, iii. (Porter's part); Act III. Sc. v.; Act IV. Sc. i. 39–47, 125–132; iii. 140–159; Act V. (?) ii., v. 47–50; viii. 32–33, 35–75.

The second scene of the First Act is certainly somewhat disappointing, and it is also inconsistent (*cp.* ll. 52, 53, with Sc. iii., ll. 72, 73, and 112, etc.), but probably the scene represents the compression of a much longer account. The introduction of the superfluous Hecate is perhaps the strongest argument for rejecting certain witch-scenes, viz.: Act III. Sc. v.; Act IV. Sc. i. 39–47, 125–132.

spearean words, "*I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to let in some of all professions, that go the primose way to the everlasting bonfire.*" But the Porter's Speech is as essential a part of the design of the play as is the Knocking at the Gate, the effect of which was so subtly analyzed by De Quincey in his well-known essay on the subject. "The effect was that it reflected back upon the murderer a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity . . . . . when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds; the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflex upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the reëstablishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them."

The introduction of the Porter, a character derived from the Porter of Hell in the old Mysteries, is as dramatically relevant, as are the grotesque words he utters; and both the character and the speech are thoroughly Shakespearean in conception (*cp. The Porter in Macbeth, New Shak. Soc.*, 1874, by Prof. Hales).

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The undoubted allusion to the union of England and Scotland under James I (Act IV, sc. i, 120), gives us one limit for the date of *Macbeth*, viz., March, 1603, while a notice in the MS. diary of Dr. Simon Forman, a notorious quack and astrologer, gives 1610 as the other limit; for in that year he saw the play performed at the Globe.[1] Between these two dates, in the year 1607, "*The Puritan,*

[1] The Diary is among the Ashmolean MSS. (208) in the Bodleian Library; its title is a *Book of Plaies and Notes thereof for common Pollicie.* Halliwell-Phillipps privately reprinted the valuable and interesting booklet. The account of the play as given by Forman is not very accurate.

or, the Widow of Watling Street," was published, containing a distinct reference to Banquo's Ghost—"*Instead of a jester we'll have a ghost in a white sheet sit at the upper end of the table.*" [1]

It is remarkable that when James visited Oxford in 1605 he was "addressed on entering the city by three students of St. John's College, who alternately accosted his Majesty, reciting some Latin verses, founded on the prediction of the weird sisters relative to Banquo and Macbeth." The popularity of the subject is further attested by the insertion of the *Historie of Macbeth* in the 1606 edition of *Albion's England.* The former incident may have suggested the subject to Shakespeare; the latter fact may have been due to the popularity of Shakespeare's play. At all events authorities are almost unanimous in assigning *Macbeth* to 1605–1606; and this view is borne out by minor points of internal evidence.[2] As far as metrical characteristics are concerned the comparatively large number of light-endings, twenty-one in all (contrasted with eight in *Hamlet*, and ten in *Julius Cæsar*) places *Macbeth* near the plays of the Fourth Period.[3] With an early play of this period, viz. *Antony and Cleopatra*, it has strong ethical affinities.

[1] Similarly, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle,* produced in 1611:—

> *"When thou art at the table with thy friends,*
> *Merry in heart and fill'd with swelling wine,*
> *I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,*
> *Invisible to all men but thyself."*

[2] *E. g.* II. iii. 5, *"expectation of plenty"* probably refers to the abundance of corn in the autumn of 1606; the reference to the *"Equivocator"* seems to allude to Garnet and other Jesuits who were tried in the spring of 1606.

[3] Macbeth numbers but two weak-endings, while *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar* have none. *Antony and Cleopatra* has not less than seventy-one light-endings and twenty-eight weak-endings. It would seem that Shakespeare, in this latter play, broke away from his earlier style as with a mighty bound.

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT

Shakespeare derived his materials for *Macbeth* from Holinshed's *Chronicle of England and Scotland*, first published in 1577, and subsequently in 1587; the latter was in all probability the edition used by the poet. Holinshed's authority was Hector Boece, whose *Scotorum Historiæ* was first printed in 1526; Boece drew from the work of the Scotch historian Fordun, who lived in the fourteenth century. Shakespeare's indebtedness to Holinshed for the plot of the present play is not limited to the chapters dealing with Macbeth; certain details of the murder of Duncan belong to the murder of King Duffe, the great grandfather of Lady Macbeth. Shakespeare's most noteworthy departure from his original is to be found in his characterization of Banquo.

The Macbeth of legend has been whitened by recent historians; and the Macbeth of history, according to Freeman, seems to have been quite a worthy monarh; (*cp.* Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, etc.).

Shakespeare, in all probability, took some hints from Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584) for his witch-lore. It should also be noted that King James, a profound beliver in witchcraft, published in 1599 his *Demonologie*, maintaining his belief against Scot's skepticism. In 1604 a statute was passed to suppress witches.

There may have been other sources for the plot; possibly an older play existed on the subject of Macbeth; in Kempe's *Nine Days' Wonder* (1600) occur the following words:—"I met a proper upright youth, only for a little stooping in the shoulders, all heart to the heel, a penny poet, whose first making was the miserable story of Macdoel, or Mac-dobeth, or Mac-somewhat," etc. Furthermore, a ballad (? a stage-play) on Macdobeth was registered in the year 1596.

DURATION OF ACTION

The Time of the play, as analyzed by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877–79) is nine days represented on the stage, and intervals:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i to iii.
Day 2. Act I, sc. iv to vii.
Day 3. Act II, sc. i to iv. *An interval,* say a couple of weeks.
Day 4. Act III, sc. i to v. [Act III, sc. vi, an impossible time.]
Day 5. Act IV, sc. i.
Day 6. Act IV, sc. ii. *An interval.* Ross's journey to England.
Day 7. Act IV, sc. iii, Act V, sc. 1. *An interval.* Malcolm's return to Scoland.
Day 8. Act V, sc. ii and iii.
Day 9. Act V, sc. iv to viii.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

In the folio of 1623 *The Tragedy of Macbeth*, as it is there called, makes the seventh in the list of Tragedies. In modern editions generally, the Chiswick among others, it stands as first in the division of Histories—an order clearly and entirely wrong. Macbeth has indeed something of an historical basis, and so have *Hamlet* and *Lear;* but in all three the historical matter is so merged in the form and transfigured with the spirit of tragedy, as to put it well nigh out of thought to class them as histories; since this is subjecting them to wrong tests, implies the right to censure them for not being what they were never meant to be. In them historical truth was nowise the Poet's aim; they are to be viewed simply as works of Art: so that the proper question concerning them is, whether and how far they have that truth to nature, that organic proportion and self-consistency which the laws of Art require.

The tragedy was never printed that we know of till in the folio, and was registered in the Stationers' books by Blount and Jaggard, November 8, 1623, as one of the plays "not formerly entered to other men." The original text is remarkably clear and complete, the acts and scenes being regularly marked throughout.

Malone and Chalmers agreed upon the year 1606 as the time when *Macbeth* was probably written; their chief ground for this opinion being what the Porter says in Act II, sc. iii: "Here's a farmer that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty"; and again,—"Here's an equivocator, that could swear in both scales against either scale;

who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven." As 1606 was indeed a year of plenty, Malone thought the former passage referred to that fact; and that the latter "had a direct reference to the doctrine of equivocation avowed and maintained by Henry Garnet, superior of the order of Jesuits in England, at his trial for the Gunpowder Treason, March 28, 1606." These arguments, we confess, neither seem strong enough to uphold the conclusion, nor so weak, on the other hand, as to warrant the scorn which Mr. Knight has vented upon them. And, however inadequate the basis, the conclusion appears to be about right; at least no better one has been offered.

That *Macbeth* was probably written after the union of the three kingdoms, has been justly inferred from what the hero says in his last interview with the Weird Sisters, Act IV, sc. i: "And some I see, that twofold balls and treble scepters carry." James I came to the throne of England in March, 1603; but the English and Scottish crowns were not *formally* united, at least the union was not proclaimed, till October, 1604. That they *were to be united*, was doubtless well understood some time before it actually took place: so that the passage in question does not afford a *certain* guide to the date of the composition. The most we can affirm is, that the writing was *probably* after 1604, and *certainly* before 1610; the ground of which certainty is from Dr. Simon Forman's *Book of Plays, and Notes thereof, for common Policy;* a manuscript discovered by Mr. Collier in the Ashmolean Museum. Forman gives a minute and particular account of the plot and leading incidents of Macbeth, as he saw it played at the Globe Theater, April 20, 1610. The notice is too long for our space.

The play in hand yields cause, in the accuracy of local description and allusion, for thinking the Poet had been in Scotland. And these internal likelihoods are not a little strengthened by external arguments. It hath been fully ascertained that companies of English players did

visit Scotland several times during Shakespeare's connection with the stage. The earliest visit of this kind that we hear of was in 1589, when Ashby, the English minister at the Scottish court, wrote to Burleigh how "my Lord Bothwell sheweth great kindness to our nation, using *Her Majesty's Players* and Canoniers with all courtesy." And a like visit was again made in 1599, as we learn from Archbishop Spottiswood, who writing the history of that year has the following: "In the end of the year happened some new jars betwixt the King and the ministers of Edinburgh; because of a company of English comedians whom the King had licensed to play within the burgh. The ministers, being offended with the liberty given them, did exclaim in their sermons against stage-players, their unruliness and immodest behavior; and in their sessions made an act, prohibiting people to resort unto their plays, under pain of church censures. The King, taking this to be a discharge of his license, called the sessions before the council, and ordained them to annul their act, and not to restrain the people from going to these comedies: which they promised, and accordingly performed; whereof publication was made the day after, and all that pleased permitted to repair unto the same, to the great offense of the ministers."

This account is confirmed by the public records of Scotland, which show that the English players were liberally rewarded by the King, no less a sum than 828*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.* being distributed to them between October, 1599, and December, 1601. And it appears from the registers of the Town Council of Aberdeen, that the same players were received by the public authorities of that place, under the sanction of a special letter from the King, styling them "our servants." There, also, they had a gratuity of 32 marks, and the freedom of the city was conferred upon "Laurence Fletcher, Comedian to His Majesty," who, no doubt, was the leader of the company. That this was the same company to which Shakespeare belonged, or a part of it, is highly probable from the patent which was

made out by the King's order, May 7, 1603, authorizing Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, and others, to perform plays in any part of the kingdoms. In this instrument the players are termed "our servants,"—the same title whereby the King had recommended them to the authorities of Aberdeen. All which, to be sure, is no positive proof that Shakespeare was of the number who went to Scotland; yet we do not well see how it can fail to impress any one as making strongly that way, there being no positive proof to the contrary. And the probability thence arising, together with the internal likelihoods of Macbeth, may very well warrant a belief of the thing in question.

At the date of Shakespeare's tragedy the story of Macbeth, as handed down by tradition, had been told by Holinshed, whose *Chronicles* first appeared in 1577, and by George Buchanan, the learned preceptor of James I, who has been termed the Scotch Livy, and whose *History of Scotland* came forth in 1582. In the main features of the story, so far as it is adopted by the Poet, both these writers agree, save that Buchanan represents Macbeth to have merely dreamed of meeting with the Weird Sisters, and of being hailed by them successively as Thane of Angus, of Murray, and as King. We shall see hereafter that Holinshed was Shakespeare's usual authority in matters of British history. And in the present case the Poet shows no traces of obligation to Buchanan, unless, which is barely possible, he may have taken a hint from the historian, where, speaking of Macbeth's reign, he says,—"Multa hic fabulose quidam nostrorum affingunt; sed quia *theatris* aut Milesiis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historiæ, ea omitto." A passage which, as showing the author's care for the truth of what he wrote, perhaps should render us wary of trusting too much in later writers, who would have us believe that, a war of factions breaking out, Duncan was killed in battle, and Macbeth took the crown by just and lawful title. It is considerable that both Hume and Lingard acquiesce in the old account which represents Mac-

beth to have murdered Duncan and usurped the throne. The following outline of the story as told by Holinshed may suffice to show both whence and how much the Poet borrowed.

Malcolm, king of Scotland, had two daughters, Beatrice and Doada, severally married to Abbanath Crinen and to Sinel, thanes of the Isles and of Glamis, by whom they had each a son, named Duncan and Macbeth. The former succeeded his grandfather in the kingdom; and, being of a soft and gentle nature, his reign was at first very quiet and peaceable, but afterwards, by reason of his slackness, greatly harassed with troubles and seditions, wherein his cousin, who was of a valiant and warlike spirit, did great service to the state. His first exploit was in company with Banquo, thane of Lochquaber, against Macdowald, who had headed a rebellion, and drawn together a great power of natives and foreigners. The rebels being soon broken and routed, Macdowald sought refuge in a castle with his family, and when he saw he could no longer hold the place, he first slew his wife and children, then himself; whereupon Macbeth entered, and, finding his body among the rest, had his head cut off, set upon a pole, and sent to the king. Macbeth was very severe, not to say cruel, towards the conquered; and when some of them murmured thereat he would have let loose his revenge upon them, but that he was partly appeased by their gifts, and partly dissuaded by his friends. By the time this trouble was well over, Sweno, king of Norway, arrived with an army in Fife, and began to slaughter the people without distinction of age or sex. Which caused Duncan to bestir himself in good earnest: he went forth with all the forces he could rally, himself, Macbeth, and Banquo leading them, and met the invaders at Culros, where after a fierce fight the Scots were beaten. Then Sweno, thinking he could now have the people for his own without killing them, gave order that none should be hurt but such as were found in an attitude of resistance. Macbeth went forthwith to gathering a new power, and Duncan, having fled into the castle

of Bertha, and being there hotly besieged by Sweno, opened a communication with him to gain time, and meanwhile sent a secret message to Macbeth to wait at a certain place till he should hear further. When all things were ready, Duncan, having by this time settled the terms of surrender, offered to send forth a good supply of food and refreshment to the besiegers; which offer they gladly accepted, being much straitened for the means of living: whereupon the Scots mixed the juice of mekilwort berries in the bread and ale, and thereby got their enemies into so sleepy a state that they could make no defense; in which condition Macbeth fell upon them, and cut them to pieces, only Sweno himself and ten others escaping to the ships. While the people were giving thanks for this victory word came that a fleet of Danes had landed at Kingcorn, sent thither by Canute, Sweno's brother. Macbeth and Banquo, being sent against the new invaders, slew part of them, and chased the rest back to their ships. Thereupon a peace was knit up between the Scots and Danes, the latter giving a great sum of gold for the privilege of burying their dead in Colmes Inch.

Not long after, Macbeth and Banquo being on their way to Fores where the king then lay, as they were passing through the fields without other company, three women in strange and wild apparel suddenly met them; and while they were rapt with wonder at the sight, the first woman said,—All hail, Macbeth, thane of Glamis; the second,—Hail, Macbeth, thane of Cawdor; the third,—All hail, Macbeth, that hereafter shalt be king of Scotland. Then said Banquo,—What manner of women are you, that to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign the kingdom, but promise nothing at all to me? Yes, said the first, we promise greater things to thee; for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end, and shall have no issue to succeed him; whereas thou indeed shalt not reign, but from thee shall spring a long line of kings. Then the women immediately vanished. At first Macbeth and Banquo thought this was but a fantastical illusion, insomuch that

Banquo would call Macbeth king in jest, and Macbeth in like sort would call him father of many kings. But afterwards the women were believed to be the Weird Sisters; because, the thane of Cawdor being condemned for treason, his lands and titles were given to Macbeth. Whereupon Banquo said to him jestingly,—Now, Macbeth, thou hast what two of the Sisters promised; there remaineth only what the other said should come to pass. And Macbeth began even then to devise how he might come to the throne, but thought he must wait for time to work his way, as in the former preferment. But when, shortly after, the king made his oldest son Prince of Cumberland, thereby in effect appointing him successor, Macbeth was sorely troubled thereat, as it seemed to cut off his hope; and, thinking the purpose was to defeat his title to the crown, he studied how to usurp it by force. For the law of Scotland then was, that if at the death of a king the lineal heir were not of sufficient age for the government, the next in blood should take it in his stead. Encouraged by the words of the Weird Sisters, and urged on by his wife, who was "burning with unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen," Macbeth at length whispered his design to some trusty friends, of whom Banquo was chief, and, having a promise of their aid, slew the king at Inverness: then, by the help of his confederates, he got himself proclaimed king, and forthwith went to Scone where, by common consent, he was invested after the usual manner. Duncan's body was first buried at Elgin, but afterwards removed to Colmekill, and laid in a sepulcher with his predecessors.

Macbeth now set himself about the administration of the state, as though he would fain make up for his want of title by his fitness for the office; using great liberality towards the nobles, enforcing justice on all offenders, and correcting the abuses that had grown up in Duncan's feeble reign; insomuch that he was accounted the sure defense and buckler of innocent people: he made many wholesome laws, and, in short, so good was his government,

that had he attained it by lawful means, and continued as just and upright as he began, he might well have been numbered among the best princes that ever were. But it turned out that all this was done but to gain popular favor. For the pricking of conscience made him fear lest another should serve him as he had served Duncan; and the promise of the Weird Sisters to Banquo would not out of his mind. So he had a great supper, and invited Banquo and his son Fleance, having hired certain murderers to kill them as they were going home, that himself might seem clear of the crime, should it ever be laid to his charge. It chanced, however, through the darkness, that Fleance escaped, and, being afterwards warned of what was in plot against him, he fled into Wales. Thenceforth nothing went well with Macbeth. For men began to fear for their lives, so that they scarce dared come in his presence; and as many feared him, so he stood in fear of many, and therefore by one pretense or another made away with such as were most able to work him any danger. And he had double profit by this course, in that both those whom he feared were got rid of, and his coffers were enriched with their goods, thus enabling him to keep a guard of armed men about his person: for which causes he at length found such sweetness in putting the nobles to death, that his thirst of blood might nowise be satisfied. For better security against the growing dangers, he resolved to build a strong castle on the top of a very high hill called Dunsinane, and to make the thanes of each shire come and help on the building in turn. When the turn fell to Macduff, thane of Fife, he sent his men well furnished, telling them to be very diligent in the work, but himself stayed away; which when Macbeth knew, he said,—I perceive this man will never obey me till he be ridden with a snaffle: nor could he afterwards bear to look upon Macduff, either because he thought him too powerful for a subject, or because he had been warned to beware of him by certain wizards in whom he trusted; and indeed he would have put him to death, had not the same counselors assured him

that he should never be slain by any man born of a woman, nor be vanquished till the wood of Birnam came to the castle of Dunsinane. Trusting in this prophecy, he now became still more cruel from security than he had been from fear. At last Macduff, to avoid peril of life, purposed with himself to flee into England; which purpose Macbeth soon got wind of, for in every nobleman's house he had one sly fellow or another in fee, to let him know all that was going on: so he hastened with a power into Fife, to besiege Macduff's castle; which being freely opened to him, when he found Macduff was already gone, he caused his wife and children to be slain, confiscated his goods, and proclaimed him a traitor.

After the murder of Duncan his two sons, named Malcolm and Donaldbain, had taken refuge, the one in England, where he was well received by Edward the Confessor, and the other in Ireland, where he also was kindly treated by the king of that land. The mother of these two princes was sister to Siward, Earl of Northumberland. Macduff, therefore, went straight to Malcolm as the only hope of poor Scotland, and earnestly besought him to undertake the deliverance of his suffering country, assuring him that the hearts and hands of the people would be with him, if he would but go and claim the crown. But the prince feigned to excuse himself, because of his having certain incurable vices which made him totally unfit to be king. For, said he, so great is my lust that I should seek to deflower all the young maids and matrons; which intemperance would be worse than Macbeth's cruelty. Macduff answered that this was indeed a very great fault, and had ruined many kings: nevertheless, said he, there are women enough in Scotland: make thyself king, and I will procure you satisfaction herein so secretly that no man shall know of it. Malcolm then said, I am also the most avaricious being on earth, insomuch that, having the power, I should make pretenses for slaying most of the nobles, that I might enjoy their estates. The other replied,—This is a far worse fault than the former, for avarice is the root of

all evil: notwithstanding, follow my counsel; there are riches enough in Scotland to satisfy thy greediness. Then said the prince again, I am furthermore given to lying and all kinds of deceit, and nothing delights me more than to betray all such as put any trust in my words. Thereupon Macduff gave over the suit, saying, This is the worst of all, and here I leave thee. O miserable Scotchmen, ye have one cursed tyrant now reigning over you without any right; and this other that hath the right is nothing fit to reign; for by his own confession he is not only full of lust and avarice, but so false withal that no trust is to be put in aught he says. Adieu, Scotland, for now I account myself a banished man forever. Then, he being about to depart, the prince said, Be of good cheer, Macduff, for I have none of those vices, and have only jested with thee, to prove thy mind; for Macbeth hath often sought by such means to get me into his hands: but the slower I have seemed to entertain thy request the more diligent I shall be to accomplish it. Hereupon, after embracing and swearing mutual fidelity, they fell to consulting how they might bring their wishes to good effect. Macduff soon repaired to the borders of Scotland, and sent letters thence to the nobles, urging them to assist the prince with all their powers, to recover the crown out of the usurper's hands.

Now the prince, being much beloved of good King Edward, procured that his uncle Siward might go with ten thousand men to aid him in the enterprise. Meanwhile the Scottish nobles, apprised of what was on foot, drew into two factions, some siding with Malcolm, others with Macbeth. When Macbeth saw how the prince was strengthening with allies, he retreated to Dunsinane, meaning to abide there in a fortified camp; and, being advised to withdraw into the Isles and there wait for better times, he still refused, trusting in the prophecies of the Weird Sisters. Malcolm, following close upon his retreat, came at night to Birnam wood, where, his men having taken food and rest, he gave order for them to get each a bough

as big as he could carry, and march therewith, so as to hide their strength from the enemy. The next day Macbeth, seeing their approach, at first marveled what it meant, then, calling to mind the prophecy, thought it was like to be fulfilled: nevertheless, he resolved to fight, and drew up his men in order of battle; but when those of the other side cast away their boughs, and he saw how many they were, he betook himself to flight. Macduff was hot in pursuit, and overhauled him at Lanfanan, where at last Macbeth sprung from his horse, saying, Thou traitor, why dost thou thus follow me in vain, who am not to be slain by any man that was born of a woman? Macduff answered,—It is true, Macbeth; and now shall thy cruelty end; for I am even he that the wizards told thee of, who was never born of my mother, but ripped out of her womb: therewithal he stepped forth and slew him, then cut off his head, and set it upon a pole, and brought it to Malcolm.—The murder of Duncan took place in 1039, and Macbeth was killed in 1054; so that the events of the play, viewed historically, stretch over a period of more than fifteen years.

From another part of the same history Shakespeare took several circumstances of the assassination. It is where Holinshed relates how King Duff, being the guest of Donwald and his wife at their castle in Fores, was there murdered. We will condense so much of the narrative as bears upon the matter in hand.

The king having retired for the rest of the night, his two chamberlains, as soon as they saw him well abed, came forth again, and fell to banqueting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared many choice dishes and drinks for their rear-supper; wherewith they so gorged themselves, that their heads no sooner got to the pillow than they were so fast asleep that the chamber might have been removed without waking them. Then Donwald, goaded on by his wife, though in heart he greatly abhorred the act, called four of his servants, whom he had already framed to the purpose with large gifts, and instructed them how

to proceed; and they, entering the king's chamher a little before cock's crow, without any bustle cut his throat as he lay asleep, and immediately carried the body forth into the fields. In the morning, a noise being made that the king was slain, Donwald ran thither with the watch, as though he knew nothing of it, and finding cakes of blood in the bed and on the floor, forthwith slew the chamberlains as guilty of the murder.

Thomas Middleton has a play called *The Witch*, wherein are delineated with considerable skill the vulgar hags of old superstition, whose delight was to "raise jars, jealousies, strifes, and heart-burning disagreements, like a thick scurf o'er life." Much question has been had whether this or *Macbeth* were written first, with the view on one side, as would seem, to make out for Middleton the honor of contributing somewhat towards the Poet's Weird Sisters. Malone has perhaps done all the case admits of, to show that *The Witch* was not written before 1613; but in truth there is hardly enough to ground an opinion upon one way or the other. And the question may be safely dismissed as altogether vain; for the two plays have nothing in common, but what may well enough have been derived from Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, or from the floating witchcraft lore of the time, some relics of which have drifted down in the popular belief to a period within our remembrance.

The old witches of superstition were foul, ugly, mischievous beings, generally actuated by vulgar envy or hate; not so much wicked as mean, and therefore apt to excite disgust, but not to inspire terror or awe; who could inflict injury, but not guilt; could work men's physical ruin, but not win them to work their own spiritual ruin. The Weird Sisters of Shakespeare, as hath been often remarked, are essentially different, and are beholden to them for little if any thing more than the drapery of the representation. Resembling old women, save that they have long beards, they bubble up in human shape, but own no human relations; are without age, or sex, or kin; with-

out birth or death: passionless and motiveless. A combination of the terrible and the grotesque, unlike the Furies of Eschylus they are petrific, not to the senses, but to the thoughts. At first, indeed, on merely looking *at* them, we can scarce help laughing, so uncouth and grotesque is their appearance: but afterwards, on looking *into* them, we find them terrible beyond description; and the more we look, the more terrible do they become; the blood almost curdling in our veins, as, dancing and singing their infernal glees over embryo murders, they unfold to our thoughts the cold, passionless, inexhaustible malignity and deformity of their nature. Towards Macbeth they have nothing of personal hatred or revenge: their malice is of a higher strain, and savors as little of any such human ranklings as the thunderstorms and elemental perturbations amidst which they come and go. But with all their essential wickedness there is nothing gross, or vulgar, or sensual about them. They are the very purity of sin incarnate; the vestal virgins, so to speak, of hell; in whom every thing seems reversed; whose ascent is downwards; whose proper eucharist is a sacrament of evil; and the law of whose being is violation of law!

The later critics, Coleridge, especially, dwell much on what they conceive to be the most distinctive and essential feature of Shakespeare's art, affirming it to be the organic involution of the universal in the particular; that his characters are classes individualized; that his men and women are those of his own age and nation indeed, yet not in such sort but that they are equally the men and women of all ages and nations; for which cause they can never become obsolete, or cease to be natural and true. Herein the Weird Sisters are thoroughly Shakespearean, there being nothing in his whole circle of character, wherein this method of art is more profoundly exemplified. Probably no form of superstition ever prevailed to any great extent, but that it had a ground and principle of truth. The old system of witchcraft was no doubt an embodiment of some natural law, a local and temporary out-

growth from something as general and permanent as human nature itself. Our moral being must breathe, and because it must have breath, therefore, in defect of other provision, it puts forth some such arrangement of breathing organs, as a tree puts forth leaves. The point of art, then, in this case was to raise and transfigure the literal into the symbolical; to take the body, so brittle and perishable in itself, and endow it with immortality; which of course could be done only by filling and animating it with the efficacy of imperishable truth. Accordingly the Poet took enough of current and traditionary matter to enlist old credulity in behalf of agents suited to his peculiar purpose; representing to the age its own thoughts, and at the same time informing the representation with a deep moral significance suited to all ages alike. In *The Witch* we have but the literal form of a transient superstition: in *Macbeth* that form is made the transparent vehicle of a truth coeval and coextensive with the workings of human guilt. In their literal character the Weird Sisters answer to something that was, and is not; in their symbolical character they answer to something that was, and is, and will abide; for they represent the mysterious action and reaction between the evil mind and external nature.

For the external world serves in some sort as a looking-glass, wherein man beholds the image of his fallen nature; and he still regards that image as his friend or his foe, and so parleys with it or turns from it, according as his will is more disposed to evil or to good. For the evil suggestions, which seem to us written in the face or speaking from the mouth of external objects and occasions, are in reality but projections from our own evil hearts: these are instances wherein "we do receive but what we give": the things we look upon seem inviting us to crime, whereas in truth our wishes construe their innocent meanings into wicked invitations. In the spirit and virtue of which principle the Weird Sisters symbolize the inward moral history of each and every man, and therefore may be expected to

live in the faith of reason so long as the present moral order of things shall last. So that they may be aptly enough described as poetical or mythical impersonations of evil influences; as bodying forth in living form the fearful echo which the natural world gives back to the evil that speaks out from the human heart. And the secret of their power over Macbeth lies mainly in that they present to him his embryo wishes and half-formed thoughts: at one time they harp his fear aright, at another time his hope; and that, too, even before such hope and fear have distinctly reported themselves in his consciousness; and by thus harping them, strengthen them into resolution and develop them into act. As men often know they would something, yet know not clearly what, until they hear it spoken by another; and sometimes even dream of being told things which their minds have been tugging at, but could not put into words.

All which may serve to suggest the real nature and scope of the effect which the Weird Sisters have on the action of the play; that their office is not so properly to deprave as to develop the characters whereon they act; not to create the evil heart, but to untie the evil hands. They put nothing into Macbeth's mind, but only draw out what was already there, breathing fructification upon his indwelling germs of sin, and thus acting as mediators, so to speak, between the secret upspringing purpose and the final accomplishment of crime. It is quite worthy of remark how Buchanan represents their appearance and prophecies to have been the coinage of his dreams; as if his mind were so swollen with ambitious thoughts, that they must needs haunt his pillow and people his sleep; and afterwards, when a part of the dream came to pass without his help, this put him upon working out for himself the fulfillment of the remainder. And in this view of the matter it is not easy to see but that a dream would every way satisfy the moral demands of the case, though it would by no means answer the purposes of the drama.

And the Poet evidently supposes from the first that

Macbeth already had the will, and that what he wanted further was an earnest and assurance of success. And it is the ordering of things so as to meet this want, and the tracing of the mental processes and the subtle workings of evil consequent thereon, that renders this drama such a paragon of philosophy organized into art. The Weird Sisters rightly strike the key-note and lead off the terrible chorus, because they embody and realize to us, and even to the hero himself, that secret preparation of evil within him, out of which the whole action proceeds. In their fantastical and unearthly aspect, awakening mingled emotions of terror and mirth; in their mysterious reserve and oracular brevity of speech, so fitted at once to sharpen curiosity and awe down skepticism; in the circumstances of their prophetic greeting,—a blasted heath, as a spot sacred to infernal orgies,—the influences of the place thus falling in with the preternatural style and matter of their disclosures;—in all this we may discern a peculiar aptness to generate even in strong minds a belief in their predictions. And such belief, for aught appears, takes hold on Banquo equally as on Macbeth; yet the only effect thereof in the former is to test and approve his virtue. He sees and hears them with simple wonder; has no other interest in them than that of a natural and innocent curiosity; questions them merely with a view to learn what they are, not to draw out further promises; remains calm, collected, and perfectly planless, his thoughts being wholly taken up with what is before him; and because he sees nothing of himself in them, and has no germs of wickedness for them to work upon, therefore he "neither begs nor fears their favors nor their hate." Macbeth, on the other hand, kindles and starts at their words, his heart leaps forth to catch what they say, and he is eager and impatient to have them speak further; they seem to mean more than meets the ear, and he craves to hear that meaning expressed in full: all which is because they show him his own mind, and set astir the wicked desires his breast is teeming with: his mind all at once becomes strangely introversive, self-

occupied, and absent from what is before him, "that he seems rapt withal"; and afterwards, as soon as his ear is saluted with a partial fulfillment of their promise he forthwith gets lost in thought, and shudders and goes into an ecstasy of terror at the horrid suggestions awakened within him, and his shuddering at them is even because of his yielding to them.

It is observable that Macbeth himself never thinks of making the Weird Sisters anywise responsible for his acts or intentions. The workings of his mind all along manifestly infer that he feels himself just as free to do right, and therefore just as guilty in doing wrong, as if no supernatural soliciting had come near him. He therefore never offers to soothe his conscience or satisfy his reason on the score of his being drawn or urged on by any fatal charm or fascination of hell; it being no less clear to him than to us, that whatsoever of such mighty magic there may be in the prophetic greeting is all owing to his own moral predisposition. For, in truth, the promise of the throne by the Weird Sisters, how firmly soever believed in, is no more an instigation to murder for it, than a promise of wealth in like sort would be to steal. To a truly just and virtuous man such a promise, in so far as he had faith therein, would preclude the motives to theft; his argument would be, that inasmuch as he was fated to be rich he had nothing to do but wait for the riches to come. If, however, he were already a thief at heart, and kept from stealing only by fear of the consequences, he would be apt to construe the promise of wealth into a promise of impunity in theft. Which appears to strike something near the difference between Banquo and Macbeth; for, in effect, with Banquo the prophetic words preclude, but with Macbeth themselves become, the motives to crime. So much for the origin of the murderous purpose, and the agency of the Weird Sisters in bringing it to a head.

Henceforth Macbeth's doubts and difficulties, his shrinkings and misgivings, spring from the peculiar structure and movement of his intellect, as sympathetically inflamed

and wrought upon by the poison of meditated guilt. His whole state of man suffers an insurrection; conscience forthwith sets his understanding and imagination into morbid, irregular, convulsive action, insomuch that the former disappears in the tempestuous agitations of thought which itself stirs up: his will is buffeted and staggered with prudential reasonings and fantastical terrors, both of which are self-generated out of his disordered and unnatural state of mind. Here begins his long and fatal course of self-delusion. He misderives his scruples, misplaces his apprehensions, mistranslates the whispers and writhings of conscience into the suggestions of prudence, the forecastings of reason, the threatenings of danger. His strong and excitable imagination, set on fire of conscience, fascinates and spell-binds the other faculties, and so gives an objective force and effect to its internal workings. Under this guilt-begotten hallucination, "present fears are less than horrible imaginings." Thus, instead of acting directly in the form of remorse, conscience comes to act circuitously through imaginary terrors, which again react on the conscience, as fire is kept burning by the current of air which itself generates. Hence his apparent freedom from compunctious visitings even when he is really most subject to them. It is probably from oversight of this that some have set him down as a timid, cautious, remorseless villain, withheld from crime only by a shrinking, selfish apprehensiveness. He does indeed seem strangely dead to the guilt and morbidly alive to the dangers of his enterprise; free from remorses of conscience, and filled with imaginary fears: but whence his uncontrollable irritability of imagination? how comes it that his mind so swarms with horrible imaginings, but that his imagination itself is set on fire of hell? So that he seems remorseless, because in his mind the agonies of remorse project and translate themselves into the specters of a conscience-stricken imagination.

His conscience thus acting, as it were, in disguise and masquerade, the natural effect at first is, to make him wav-

ering and irresolute: the harrowings of guilty fear have a certain prospective and preventive operation, causing him to recoil, he scarce knows why, from the work he has in hand. So that he would never be able to go through, but for the coming in of a partner and helpmeet in the wicked purpose. But afterwards, the first crime having passed from prospect into retrospect, the self-same working of conscience has the effect of goading and hurrying him on from crime to crime. He still mistakes his inward pangs for outward perils: guilt peoples his whereabout with fantastical terrors, which in seeking to beat down he only multiplies. Amidst his efforts to dissimulate he loses his self-control, and spills the awful secret he is trying to hide; and in giving others cause to suspect him, he makes himself cause to suspect them. Thus his cowardice of conscience urges him on to fresh murders, and every murder but adds to that cowardice; the very blood which he spills to quiet his fears sprouting up in "gorgons and chimeras dire" to awaken new fears and call for more victims.

The critics of a certain school have in characteristic fashion found fault with the huddling together and confusion of metaphors, which Macbeth pours forth when his mind is preternaturally heated and wrought up. Doubtless they would have him talk always according to the rules of grammar and rhetoric. Shakespeare was content to let him talk according to his state of mind and the laws of his character. Nor, in this view, could any thing better serve the Poet's purpose, than this preternatural rush and redundancy of imagination, hurrying on from thought to thought, and running and massing a multitude of half-formed images together. And such a cast of mind in the hero was necessary to the health of the drama: otherwise such a manifold tragedy had been in danger of turning out an accumulation of horrors. As it is, the impression is at once softened and deepened, after a style of art which Shakespeare alone could evoke and manage: the terrible is made to tread, sometimes to tremble, on the outmost edge, yet never passes into the horrible; what were else too

frightful to be born being thus kept within the limits of pleasurable emotion. Macbeth's imagination so overwrought and self-accelerating, this it is that glorifies the drama with such an interfusion of tragic terror and lyrical sweetness, and pours over the whole that baptism of terrible beauty which forms its distinctive excellence.

In the structure and working of her mind and moral frame Lady Macbeth is the opposite of her husband, and for that reason all the better fitted to piece out and make up his deficiency. Of a firm, sharp, wiry, matter-of-fact intellect, doubly charged with energy of will she has little in common with him save a red-hot ambition; for which cause, while the prophetic disclosures have the same effect on her will as on his, and she forthwith jumps into the same purpose, the effect on her mind is just the reverse; she being subject to no such involuntary and uncontrollable tumults of thought: without his irritability of understanding and imagination, she therefore has no such prudential misgivings or terrible illusions to make her shake, and falter, and recoil. So that what terrifies him, transports her; what stimulates his reflective powers, stifles hers.

Almost any other dramatist would have brought the Weird Sisters to act immediately upon Lady Macbeth, and through her upon her husband, as thinking her more open to superstitious allurements and charms. Shakespeare seems to have understood that aptness of mind for them to work upon would have unfitted her for working upon her husband in aid of them. Enough of such influence has already been brought to bear: what is wanted further is quite another sort of influence; such a sort as could only be wielded by a mind not much accessible to the former. There was strong dramatic reason, therefore, why nothing should move or impress her, when awake, but facts; why she should not be of a constitution and method of mind, that the evil which has struck its roots so deep within should come back to her in the elements and aspects of nature, either to mature the guilty purpose, or to obstruct the guilty act. It is quite remarkable that she never once

recurs to the Weird Sisters, or lays any stress on their salutations: they seem to have no weight with her but for the impression they have made on Macbeth; that which impression may grow to the desired effect she refrains from using it or meddling with it, and seeks only to fortify it with such other impressions as lie in her power to make. Does not all this look as though she were skeptical touching the contents of his letter, and durst not attempt to influence him with arguments that had no influence with herself, lest her want of sincerity therein should still further unknit his purpose? And what could better set forth her incomparable shrewdness and tact, than that, instead of overstraining this one motive, and thereby weakening it, she should thus let it alone, and endeavor to strengthen it by mixing others with it? Moreover, it does not elude her penetration, that his fears still more than his hopes are wrought up by the preternatural soliciting: for the Weird Sisters represent in most appalling sort the wickedness of the purpose which they suggest; and the thought of them scares up a throng of horrid images, and puts him under a fascination of terror: the instant he reverts to them his imagination springs into action,—an organ whereof while ambition works the bellows, conscience still governs the stops and keys. So that her surest course is to draw his thoughts off to the natural motives and solicitings of the opportunity that has made itself to his hands: otherwise there is danger that the opportunity will unmake him; for, so long as his mind is taken up with those stimulants of imagination, outward facilities for his purpose augment his inward recoilings from the act.

Coleridge justly remarks upon her consummate art in first urging in favor of the deed those very circumstances which to her husband's conscience plead most movingly against it. That the King has unreservedly cast himself upon their loyalty and hospitality, this she puts forth as the strongest argument for murdering him. An awful stroke of character indeed! and therefore awful, because natural. By thus anticipating his greatest drawbacks,

and urging them as the chief incentives, she forecloses all debate, and leaves him nothing to say; which is just what she wants; for she knows well enough that the thing is a horrible crime, and will not stand the tests of reason a moment; and therefore that the more he talks the less apt he will be for the work. And throughout this dreadful wrestling-match she surveys the whole ground and darts upon the strongest points with all the quickness and sureness of instinct: her powers of foresight and self-control seem to grow as the horrors thicken; the exigency being to her a sort of practical inspiration. The finishing touch in this part of the picture is when, her husband's resolution being all in a totter, she boldly cuts the very sinews of retreat by casting the thing into a personal controversy and making it a theme of domestic war, so that he has no way but either to fall in with her leading or else to take her life. To gain the crown she literally hazards all, putting it out of the question for them to live together, unless he do the deed, and thus embattling all the virtues and affections of the husband against the conscience of the man. He accordingly goes about the deed, and goes through it, with an assumed ferocity caught from her.

Nor is it to be supposed that this ferocity is native to her own breast: in her case, too, surely it is assumed; for though in her intense overheat of expectant passion it be temporarily fused and absorbed into her character, it is disengaged and thrown off as soon as that heat passes away. Those will readily take our meaning, who have ever seen how, from the excitement of successful effort, men will sometimes pass for a while into and become identified with a character which they undertake to play. And so Lady Macbeth, for a special purpose, begins with acting a part which is really foreign to her, but which, notwithstanding, such is her iron fixedness of will, she braves out to issues so overwhelming as to make her husband and many others believe it is her own. In herself, indeed, she is a great bad woman whom we fear and pity; yet neither so great nor so bad, we are apt to think, as she is generally repre-

sented. She has closely studied her husband, and penetrated far into the heart of his mystery; yet she knows him rather as he is to her than as he is in himself: hence in describing his character she interprets her own, and shows more of the warm-hearted wife than of the cool-headed philosopher. Mr. Verplanck, with great felicity, distinguishes her as "a woman of high intellect, bold spirit, and lofty desires, who is mastered by a fiery thirst for power, and that for her husband as well as herself."

Two very different characters, however, may easily be made out for her, according as we lay the chief stress on what she says, or what she does. For surely none can fail to remark, that the promise of a fiend conveyed in her earlier speeches is by no means made good in her subsequent acts. That Shakespeare well understood the principle whereon Sophocles sprinkled the songs of nightingales amid the grove of the Furies, could not be better shown than in that, when Lady Macbeth looks upon the face of her sleeping Sovereign, at whose heart her steel is aimed, and sees the murderous thought passing, as it were, into a fact before her, a gush of womanly feeling or of native tenderness suddenly stays her uplifted arm. And, again, when she hears from Macbeth how he has done two or more murders to screen the first, she sinks down at the tale, thus showing that the woman she had so fearfully disclaimed has already returned to torment and waste her into the grave. So that the sequel proves her to have been better than she was herself aware; for at first her thoughts were so centered and nailed to the object she was in quest of, that she had no place for introversion, and did not suspect what fires of hell she was planting in her bosom. In truth, she had undertaken too much: in her efforts to screw her own and her husband's courage to the sticking-place there was exerted a force of will which answered the end indeed, but at the same time cracked the sinews of nature; though that force of will still enables her to hide the dreadful work that is doing within. She has quite as much if not more of conscience than Macbeth; but its workings are

retrospective, proceed upon deeds, not thoughts; and she is not so made, she has no such sensitive redundancy of imagination, that conscience should be in her senses, causing the howlings of the storm to syllable the awful notes of remorse. And as her conscience is without an organ to project and body forth its revenges, so she may indeed possess them in secret, but she can never repress them: subject to no fantastical terrors nor moral illusions, she therefore never loses her self-control: the unmitigable corrodings of her rooted sorrow may destroy, but cannot betray her, unless when her energy of will is bound up in sleep. And for the same cause she is free alike from the terrible apprehensions which make her husband flinch from the first crime, and from the maddening and merciless suspicions of guilty fear that lash and spur him on to other crimes. But the truth of her inward state comes out with an awful mingling of pathos and terror, in the scene where her conscience, sleepless amid the sleep of nature, nay, most restless even when all other cares are at rest, drives her forth, open-eyed, yet sightless, to sigh and groan over spots on her hands, that are visible to none but herself, nor even to herself, but when she is blind to every thing else. And what an awful mystery, too, hangs about her death! We know not, the Poet himself seems not to know, whether the gnawings of the undying worm drive her to suicidal violence, or themselves cut asunder the cords of her life: all we know is, that the death of her body springs somehow from the inextinguishable life and the immedicable wound of her soul. What a history of her woman's heart is written in her thus sinking, sinking away whither imagination shrinks from following, under the violence of an invisible yet unmistakable disease, which still sharpens its inflictions and at the same time quickens her sensibility!

This guilty couple are patterns of conjugal virtue. A tender, delicate, respectful affection sweetens and dignifies their intercourse; the effect of which is rather heightened than otherwise by their ambition, because they seem to thirst for each other's honor as much as for their own.

And this sentiment of mutual respect even grows by their crimes, since their inborn greatness is developed through them, not buried beneath them. And when they find that the crown, which they have waded through so much blood to grasp, does but scald their brows and stuff their pillow with thorns, this begets a still deeper and finer play of sympathies between them. Thenceforth, (and how touching its effect!) a soft subdued undertone of inward sympathetic woe and anguish mingles audibly in the wild rushing of the moral tempest that hangs round their footsteps. Need we add how free they are from any thing little or mean, vulgar or gross? the very intensity of their wicked passion seeming to have assoiled their minds of all such earthly and ignoble incumbrances. And so manifest withal is their innate fitness to reign, that their ambition almost passes as the instinct of faculty for its proper sphere.

Dr. Johnson observes with rare infelicity that this play "has no nice discriminations of character." How far from just is this remark, we trust hath already been made clear enough. In this respect the hero and heroine are equaled only by the Poet's other masterpieces,—by Shylock, Hamlet, Lear, and Iago; while the Weird Sisters, so seemingly akin (though whether as mothers, or sisters, or daughters, we cannot tell) to the thunder-storms that keep them company, occupy the summit of his preternatural creations. Nevertheless it must be owned that the grandeur of the dramatic combination oversways our impression of the individual characters, and, unless we make a special effort that way, prevents a due notice of their merits; that the delicate limning of the agents is apt to be lost sight of in the magnitude, the manifold unity, and thought-like rapidity of the action.

The style of this drama is pitched in the same high tragic key as the action: throughout we have an explosion, as of purpose into act, so also of thought into speech, both literally kindling with their own swiftness. No sooner thought than said, no sooner said than done, is everywhere

the order of the day. And, therewithal, thoughts and images come crowding and jostling each other in so quick succession that none can gain full utterance, a second still leaping upon the tongue before the first is fairly off. Thus the Poet seems to have endeavored his utmost how much of meaning could be conveyed in how little of expression; with the least touching of the ear to send vibrations through all the chambers of the mind. Hence the large manifold suggestiveness that lurks in the words; they seem instinct with something which the speakers cannot stay to unfold. And between these invitations to linger and the continual drawings onward, the reader's mind is kindled into an almost preternatural illumination and activity. Doubtless this prolonged stretch and tension of thought would at length grow wearisome, and cause an inward flagging and faintness, but that the play, moreover, is throughout a fierce conflict of antagonist elements and opposite extremes, which are so managed as to brace up the interest on every side; so that the effect of the whole is to refresh, not exhaust the powers, the mind being sustained in its long and lofty flight by the wings that grow forth of their own accord from its superadded life. In general, the lyrical, instead of being interspersed here and there in the form of musical lulls and pauses, is thoroughly interfused with the dramatic; while the ethical sense underlies them both, and is occasionally forced up through them by their own pressure. May we not say, in short, that the entire drama is, as it were, a tempest set to music?

Many writers have spoken strongly against the Porter-scene; Coleridge denounces it as unquestionably none of Shakespeare's work. Which makes us almost afraid to trust our own judgment concerning it; yet we cannot but feel it to be in the true spirit of the Poet's method. This strain of droll broad humor, oozing out, so to speak, amid such a congregation of terrors, has always in our case deepened their effect, the strange but momentary diversion causing them to return with the greater force. Of the murder scene, the banquet scene, and the sleep-walking

scene, with their dagger of the mind, and Banquo of the mind, and blood-spots of the mind, it were vain to speak. Yet over these sublimely-terrific passages there hovers a magic light of poetry, at once disclosing the horrors, and annealing them into matter of delight.—Hallam sets Macbeth down as being, in the language of Drake, "the greatest effort of our author's genius, the most sublime and impressive drama which the world has ever beheld";—a judgment from which most readers will probably be less inclined to dissent, the older they grow.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

MACBETH

To the Christian moralist Macbeth's guilt is so dark that its degree cannot be estimated, as there are no shades in black. But to the mental physiologist, to whom nerve rather than conscience, the function of the brain rather than the power of the will, is an object of study, it is impossible to omit from calculation the influences of the supernatural event, which is not only the starting-point of the action, but the remote causes of the mental phenomena. —Bucknill, *The Mad Folk of Shakespeare.*

Macbeth wants no disguise of his natural disposition, for it is not bad; he does not affect more piety than he has: on the contrary, a part of his distress arises from a real sense of religion: which makes him regret that he could not join the chamberlains in prayer for God's blessing, and bewail that he has "given his eternal jewel to the common enemy of man." He continually reproaches himself for his deeds; no use can harden him; confidence cannot silence, and even despair cannot stifle, the cries of his conscience. By the first murder he put "rancor in the vessel of his peace"; and of the last he owns to Macduff, "My soul is too charged with blood of thine already."—Whately, *Remarks on Some Characters of Shakespere.*

LADY MACBETH

We may be sure that there were few "more thoroughbred or fairer fingers" in the land of Scotland than those of its queen, whose bearing in public towards Duncan,

Banquo and the nobles, is marked by elegance and majesty; and, in private, by affectionate anxiety for her sanguinary lord. He duly appreciated her feelings, but it is a pity that such a woman should have been united to such a man. If she had been less strong of purpose, less worthy of confidence, he would not have disclosed to her his ambitious designs; less resolute and prompt of thought and action, she would not have been called upon to share his guilt; less sensitive or more hardened, she would not have suffered it to prey forever like a vulture upon her heart. She affords, as I consider it, only another instance of what women will be brought to, by a love which listens to no considerations, which disregards all else beside, when the interests, the wishes, the happiness, the honor, or even the passions, caprices, and failings of the beloved object are concerned: and if the world, in a compassionate mood, will gently scan the softer errors of sister-woman, may we not claim a kindly construing for the motives which plunged into the Aceldama of the blood-washed tragedy the sorely-urged and broken-hearted Lady Macbeth?—MAGINN, *Shakespeare Papers.*

Lady Macbeth is not thoroughly hateful, for she is not a virago, not an adulteress, not impelled by revenge. On the contrary, she expresses no feeling of personal malignity towards any human being in the whole course of her part. Shakespeare could have easily displayed her crimes in a more commonplace and accountable light, by assigning some feudal grudge as a mixed motive of her cruelty to Duncan; but he makes her a murderess in cold blood, and from the sole motive of ambition, well knowing that if he had broken up the inhuman serenity of her remorselessness by the ruffling of anger, he would have vulgarized the features of the splendid Titaness.

By this entire absence of petty vice and personal virulence, and by concentrating all the springs of her conduct into the one determined feeling of ambition, the mighty poet has given her character a statue-like simplicity, which,

though cold, is spirit-stirring, from the wonder it excites, and which is imposing, although its respectability consists, as far as the heart is concerned, in merely negative decencies. How many villains walk the earth in credit to their graves, from the mere fulfillment of these negative decencies! Had Lady Macbeth been able to smother her husband's babblings, she might have been one of them.—CAMPBELL, *Life of Mrs. Siddons.*

As she is commonly represented, Lady Macbeth is *nothing* more than the maximum of ambition, a person, who, in order to obtain a crown, avails herself of every means, even the most horrible. Such, indeed, is she, and much more. It may be said that she would set half the earth on fire to reach the throne of the other half. But,—and here lies the depth of her peculiar character,—not for herself alone; but for him, her *beloved* husband. She is a tigress who could rend all who oppose her; but her mate, who, in comparison with her, is gentle, and disposed somewhat to melancholy, him she embraces with genuine love. In relation to him her affection is great and powerful, and bound up with all the roots and veins of her life, and consequently it passes into *weakness.* The connection of this fearful pair is not without a certain touching passionateness, and it is through this that the Lady first *lives* before us, as otherwise she would be almost without distinctive features, and would appear only as the *idea* of the most monstrous criminality. Ambition without Love is cold, French-tragic, and incapable of awakening deep interest. Here Love is the more moving as it reigns in the conjugal relation; and truly, to the atrocious crimes perpetrated by this pair, there was need of such a counterpoise, in order that they may appear as *human beings* suffering wreck, and not as perfect devils.—HORN, *Shakespeare Erläutert.*

This is certain, that Shakespeare in the part of Lady Macbeth, as in all his parts, actually relied upon the young

actor to whom the part might be assigned to carry out and complete the representation; and therefore at the present day it becomes the special duty of the actress in this part not in tone, look, or gesture to aggravate the abhorrence which might thus be excited, but to alleviate it, so that to intelligent spectators will be presented not the picture of a Northern Fury, nor of a monster, still less of a heroine or martyr to conjugal love, but that of a woman capable of the greatest elevation, but seized mysteriously by the magic of Passion, only to fall the more terribly, and thus, in spite of our horror at her crime, wringing from us our deepest sympathy.—Von Friesen, *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft.*

THE GHOST

It is the skepticism as to the objective reality of Banquo's Ghost which has originated the question as to whether he should be made visible to the spectators in the theater, since, as the skeptics observe, he is invisible to all the assembled guests, and does not speak at all. But for this skepticism, it would never have been doubted that the Ghost should be made visible to the theater, although he is invisible to Macbeth's company, and although no words are assigned to him. This doubt existing, illustrates to us how stage-management itself is affected by the philosophy which may prevail upon certain subjects. Upon the Spiritualist view, Banquo's Ghost, and the Witches themselves, are all in the same category, all belonging to the spiritual world, and seen by the spiritual eye; and the mere fact that the Ghost does not speak, is felt to have no bearing at all upon the question of his presentation as an objective reality.

The Spiritualist, when contending for the absolute objectivity of Banquo's Ghost, may possibly be asked whether he also claims a *like* reality for "the air-drawn dagger." To this he would reply, that, to the best of his belief, a *like* reality was *not* to be affirmed of that

dagger, which he conceives to have been a *representation*, in the spiritual world, of a dagger, not, however, being on that account less real (if by unreality we are to understand that it was, in some incomprehensible way, generated in the material brain), but only differing from what we should term a real *bonâ fide* dagger, as a painting of a dagger differs from a real one.—ROFFE, *An Essay upon the Ghost Belief of Shakespeare.*

THE WEIRD SISTERS

The Weird Sisters who preside over the play as the ministers of evil are partly "metaphysical," as Coleridge, following Lady Macbeth's phrase of "metaphysical aid," justly called them. It has been said that Shakespeare meant them to be no more than the witches of his day as they were commonly conceived. This is quite incredible when we think of that high poetic genius in him which could not have left them unspiritualized by imagination, and which must have felt that these personages, if conceived only as the vulgar witches, would be below the dignity of his tragedy. It is also said that all that was not vulgar in them was in the soul of Macbeth, and not in them. That is a credible theory, but it is not borne out by the text; and it seems to assert that Shakespeare did not believe in, or at least did not as a poet conceive of, spiritual creatures, other than ghosts, who dwelt in a world outside of humanity, and yet could touch it at intervals when certain conditions were fulfilled. These spiritual creatures, as he conceived them, had chiefly to do with nature; were either embodiments of its elemental forces, or their masters. Such were Oberon and Ariel, but they had most to do with the beneficent forces of nature. Here the Weird Sisters command its evil forces. Whether Shakespeare believed in this half-spiritual world of beings, dwelling and acting in a supposed zone between us and the loftier spiritual world, and having powers over the natural world—I cannot tell, but at least he conceived this realm;

and if he believed in it, there were hundreds of persons at his time who were with him in that belief, as there are numbers now who share in it, in spite of science. I do not think, then, that the spiritual part of his conception of the witches was intended by him to exist solely in the mind of Macbeth. On the contrary, I hold that it is incredible Shakespeare should have taken up witches into his tragedy and left them as James I and the rest of the world commonly conceived them. His imagination was far too intense, his representing power much too exacting, to allow him to leave them unidealized. It is true he kept their vulgar elements for the sake of the common folk who did not think; but for those who did, Shakespeare unvulgarized the witches. They materialize themselves only for their purpose of temptation; their normal existence is impalpable, invisible, unearthly.—Brooke, *Lectures on Shakespeare.*

Shakespeare's picture of the witches is truly magical: in the short scenes where they enter, he has created for them a peculiar language, which, although composed of the usual elements, still seems to be a collection of formulæ of incantation. The sound of the words, the accumulation of rhymes, and the rhythmus of the verse, form, as it were, the hollow music of a dreary dance of witches. These repulsive things, from which the imagination shrinks back, are here a symbol of the hostile powers which operate in nature, and the mental horror outweighs the repugnance of our senses. The witches discourse with one another like women of the very lowest class, for this was the class to which witches were supposed to belong; when, however, they address Macbeth, their tone assumes more elevation; their predictions, which they either themselves pronounce, or allow their apparitions to deliver, have all the obscure brevity, the majestic solemnity, by which oracles have in all times contrived to inspire mortals with reverential awe. We here see that the witches are merely instruments; they are governed by an invisible

spirit, or the ordering of such great and dreadful events would be above their sphere.—SCHLEGEL, *Lectures on Shakespeare.*

THE INCANTATION SCENES

It has been objected to the incantation scenes in Macbeth, that the subjects and language in them are revolting. They are so; nothing, however, can be more irrational than to take exception against them on that score. The witches are an impersonation of those qualities which are antagonist to all that is gentle, and lovely, and peaceful, and good. They are loathsome abstractions of the "evil principle," and are the precursors, as well as providers of all the stormy passions that shake this poor citadel of man. They represent the repulsive as well as the cruel propensities of our nature; every one, therefore, who is a slave to his lower passions, is spell-bound by the "weird sisters"; and this, I have little doubt, was the moral that Shakespeare intended to read to his brother mortals: for, we should bear in mind that Macbeth was, by nature, an honorable and even generous man; but as he was unable to withstand the impulse of an unworthy ambition, and could not resist the sneers of his uncompromising partner, he rushed into that bottomless hell of torment—a guilty and an upbraiding conscience.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

THE INFLUENCE OF THE UNSEEN WORLD

Every device of Shakespeare has been designed to accentuate the overweening influence of the unseen world. So long as Macbeth is striving to bring about the fulfillment of the prophecy, he is a bungler; but at every turn the unseen agency brings fortune to his aid. So soon, however, as he bends his efforts to defeat the intentions of the supernatural world, fortune deserts him. Everything goes wrong. Fleance escapes. Suspicion seizes his nobles. Macduff flies, and Macbeth's insensate revenge has

the effect of bringing to a head the smouldering anger of the nobility. Finally, the unseen universe interferes directly in the scene, and by its deceitful oracles lulls him into a state of false security. Were it not for the prophecy about Birnam wood, Macbeth would have met his foes in the field, and not cooped himself up in his castle of Dunsinane, where, as he says himself, "he is tied as a bear to the stake." Had it not been for his belief in his charmed existence he would never have risked his life in single combat with all and sundry of the besieging host. He the *protégé* of destiny had attempted to defy his patron; and to the last farthing he was called upon to pay the price of his temerity.—RANSOME, *Short Studies in Shakespeare's Plots.*

THE KEYNOTE

The keynote of this, the most picturesque, the most lurid and fiercely rapid of all tragedies, is struck in the first scene by a miracle of imagination, and maintained to the end in spite of inequalities. A storm of fear blows through the short five acts. Macbeth's imagination appals him; he struggles entangled in a hellish net. His wife screws her courage to a point at which it will not stick, and the cord snaps under the tension.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

DARKNESS IN THIS TRAGEDY

Darkness, we may even say blackness, broods over this tragedy. It is remarkable that almost all the scenes which at once recur to memory take place either at night or in some dark spot. The vision of the dagger, the murder of Duncan, the murder of Banquo, the sleep-walking of Lady Macbeth, all come in night-scenes. The Witches dance in the thick air of a storm, or, "black and midnight hags," receive Macbeth in a cavern. The blackness of night is to the hero a thing of fear, even of horror; and that which he

feels becomes the spirit of the play. The faint glimmerings of the western sky at twilight are here menacing: it is the hour when the traveler hastens to reach safety in his inn, and when Banquo rides homeward to meet his assassins; the hour when "light thickens," when "night's black agents to their prey do rouse," when the wolf begins to howl, and the owl to scream, and withered murder steals forth to his work. Macbeth bids the stars hide their fires that his "black" desires may be concealed; Lady Macbeth calls on thick night to come, palled in the dunnest smoke of hell. The moon is down and no stars shine when Banquo, dreading the dreams of the coming night, goes unwillingly to bed, and leaves Macbeth to wait for the summons of the little bell. When the next day should dawn, its light is "strangled," and "darkness does the face of earth entomb." In the whole drama the sun seems to shine only twice: first, in the beautiful but ironical passage where Duncan sees the swallows flitting round the castle of death; and, afterwards, when at the close the avenging army gathers to rid the earth of its shame. Of the many slighter touches which deepen this effect I notice only one. The failure of nature in Lady Macbeth is marked by her fear of darkness; "she has light by her continually." And in the one phrase of fear that escapes her lips even in sleep, it is of the darkness of the place of torment that she speaks.—Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy.*

POPULARITY OF "MACBETH"

One might have expected that *Macbeth* would prove the most popular of Shakespeare's tragedies, both with the actors and with audiences. Such has, however, not been the case. Except on rare occasions, *Macbeth,* despite its apparent supremacy as an "acting play," has less attraction than *Lear, Othello,* and, above all, *Hamlet.* Nor is the reason far to seek. Of the two elements which Aristotle's definition requires in tragedy, it has but one. It works by terror alone, and does not touch the springs of pity. It

has no bursts and swells of pathos, no outpours of tenderness, no sweet dews of hapless love. Lacking these, it lacks charm. The characters on whom the interest is concentrated are not the innocent sufferers, but the guilty workers of woe, and, if not outcasts from our sympathy in the woe they thereby bring upon themselves, they are far from making any demands upon our affection. *Macbeth* stands alone among Shakespeare's great productions as a picture of crime and retribution unrelieved by any softer features. Like some awful Alpine peak, girdled with glaciers and abysses, with no glimpses of flower-bespangled vales and pastures.—KIRKE, *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1895.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, *king of Scotland*
MALCOLM, } *his sons*
DONALBAIN, }
MACBETH, } *generals of the King's army*
BANQUO, }
MACDUFF, }
LENNOX, }
ROSS, } *noblemen of Scotland*
MENTEITH, }
ANGUS, }
CAITHNESS, }
FLEANCE, *son to Banquo*
SIWARD, *earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces*
Young SIWARD, *his son*
SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth*
Boy, *son to Macduff*
An English Doctor
A Scotch Doctor
A Sergeant
A Porter
An Old Man

Lady MACBETH
Lady MACDUFF
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth

HECATE
Three Witches
Apparitions

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers

SCENE: *Scotland; England*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

The Thane of Cawdor, who has rebelled against his king, Duncan of Scotland, is defeated by Macbeth and Banquo, two Scottish generals. Three witches meet the victorious generals on their return from the battle and greet Macbeth as Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor, and he that shall be king of Scotland hereafter. To Banquo they promise that he shall be the father of kings, though he be not one himself. While Macbeth is still talking of these prophecies, messengers arrive from Duncan and address him by the king's order, and as a reward for his services, as Thane of Cawdor. As Macbeth is already Thane of Glamis, he begins to hope that he may one day be king of Scotland. He tells his desire to his wife and she plots the murder of Duncan, who comes on a visit to their castle.

ACT II

Macbeth, assisted by his wife, murders Duncan, laying the crime on the king's drunken guard. Malcolm and Donalbain, Duncan's sons, flee, the former to England and the latter to Ireland, and therefore they are believed to have suborned the servants to do the deed. Macbeth, as the next heir, is crowned king of Scotland at Scone.

ACT III

The three prophecies have been fulfilled for Macbeth and now he fears that what was promised Banquo may also come true, and that for Banquo's children has he mur-

dered Duncan and destroyed his own peace of mind. He desires the death of Banquo and his only son Fleance, believing that the succession would then be secured to his own descendants. To accomplish this purpose he makes a great feast, particularly inviting Banquo and Fleance. But on their way to the dinner they are set upon by men in Macbeth's pay. Banquo is slain but Fleance escapes. The guests are all assembled except Banquo and the king, about to take his place at the table, when in comes Banquo's ghost. Although it is invisible to all but Macbeth, his fear and remarks break up the feast.

ACT IV

Macbeth consults the witches about the future. They call up apparitions; the first tells him to beware Macduff; the second, "Laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born shall harm Macbeth"; the third, that he "shall never vanquished be until great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill shall come against him." He then asks plainly, "Shall Banquo's issue ever reign in this kingdom?" In reply he is shown the shadows of eight kings, followed by the ghost of Banquo, and is convinced that Banquo's descendants will reign. Joining his followers after his interview with the witches, he is greeted with the news that Macduff has fled to England. Macbeth surprises the castle of Macduff and kills Lady Macduff and her children.

ACT V

Lady Macbeth is unable to throw aside the thought of the murders she and her husband have or have had committed. They trouble her sleeping hours, and she rises from her bed in her sleep, walks the floor, tries to wash imaginary blood-spots from her hands, and talks aloud of the murders. Macbeth fortifies his castle of Dunsinane in preparation for an attack by Macduff, but, relying on the witches' promises, he tries to cast off his fears. Word is

brought him of Lady Macbeth's death, probably by her own hand, and almost at the same moment, a messenger announces that Birnam wood is coming toward the castle. This illusion of the moving wood was caused by each man of the attacking army lopping off a limb of a tree as he passed through Birnam wood to use as a covering for his advance. Macbeth, although his nerves are shaken by this materializing of the witch's threat, leads his men forth from the castle, saying, "At least we 'll die with harness on our back." He meets Macduff and they fight till Macbeth remembers the words of the spirit, and he tells Macduff that his labor is in vain, for he, Macbeth, bears a charmed life which cannot yield to one born of woman. But his last hope is taken from him when Macduff replies, "Despair thy charm. Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripped." The fight is continued and Macbeth is killed. Malcolm, son of Duncan, is proclaimed king of Scotland.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

ACT FIRST

Scene I

A desert place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly 's done,
When the battle 's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?

1. Perhaps we should follow the punctuation of the Folio, and place a note of interrogation after *"again."*—I. G.

3. *"hurlyburly"*; the original and sense of this word are thus given by Peacham in his *Garden of Eloquence,* 1577: "Onomatopeia, when we invent, devise, fayne, and make a name imitating the sound of that it signifyeth, as *hurlyburly,* for an *uprore* and *tumultuous stirre."* Thus also in Holinshed: "There were such *hurlie burlies* kept in every place, to the great danger of overthrowing the whole state of all government in this land." Of course the word here refers to the tumult of battle, not to the storm, the latter being their element.—The reason of this scene is thus stated by Coleridge: "In *Macbeth* the Poet's object was to raise the mind at once to the high tragic tone, that the audience might be ready for the precipitate consummation of guilt in the early part of the play. The true reason for the first appearance of the Witches is to strike the key note of the character of the whole drama, as is proved by their reappearance in the third scene, after such an order of the king's as establishes their supernatural power of information."—H. N. H.

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin.
All. Paddock calls:—anon! 10
Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant

Exeunt. "The Weird Sisters," says Coleridge, "are as true a creation of Shakespeare's, as his Ariel and Caliban,—fates, furies, and materializing witches being the elements. They are wholly different from any representation of witches in the contemporary writers, and yet presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice to act immediately on the audience. Their character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; they are the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature,—elemental avengers without sex or kin." Elsewhere he speaks of the "direful music, the wild wayward rhythm, and abrupt lyrics of the opening of Macbeth." Words scarcely less true to the Poet's, than the Poet's are to the characters.—H. N. H.

3. *"sergeant"; sergeants,* in ancient times, were not the petty officers now distinguished by that title; but men performing one kind of feudal military service, in rank next to esquires. In the stage-direction of the original this *sergeant* is called a *captain.*—H. N. H.

Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Ser. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that 10
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave; 20

13. *"Of"* here bears the sense of *with,* the two words being then used indiscriminately.—Thus in Holinshed: "Out of Ireland in hope of the spoile came no small number of *Kernes* and *Galloglasses,* offering gladlie to serve under him, whither it should please him to lead them." Barnabe Rich thus describes them in his *New Irish Prognostication:* "The *Galloglas* succeedeth the Horseman, and he is commonly armed with a scull, a shirt of maile, and a Galloglas-axe. . . . The *Kernes* of Ireland are next in request, the very drosse and scum of the countrey, a generation of villaines not worthy to live. . . . These are they that are ready to run out with every rebel, and these are the very hags of hell, fit for nothing but the gallows."—H. N. H.

14. *"damned quarrel";* Johnson's, perhaps unnecessary, emendation of Ff., *"damned quarry"* (*cp.* IV. iii. 206); but Holinshed uses "quarrel" in the corresponding passage.—I. G.

"damned" is *doomed,* fated to destruction.—H. N. H.

20–21. Many emendations and interpretations have been advanced

Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valor arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels, 30
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks; so they

for this passage; Koppel's explanation (*Shakespeare Studien,* 1896) is as follows:—"he faced the slave, who never found time for the preliminary formalities of a duel, *i. e.* shaking hands with and bidding farewell to the opponent"; seemingly, however, *"which"* should have *"he"* (*i. e.* Macbeth) and not *"slave"* as its antecedent.—I. G.

25, 26. "As storms often come from the east, the region of the dawn, so victory may be the starting-point for a fresh attack."—C. H. H.

37. *"so they";* Ff. give these words at the beginning of l. 38. The

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha, 40
I cannot tell—
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honor both. Go get him surgeons.

[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*

Who comes here?

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself 50
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,

two lines cannot be made into normal verse; but the present arrangement is less harsh to the ear.—C. H. H.

40. To *"memorize"* is to make memorable. "The style," says Coleridge, "and rhythm of the Captain's speeches in the second scene should be illustrated by reference to the interlude in *Hamlet,* in which the epic is substituted for the tragic, in order to make the latter be felt as the real life diction."—H. N. H.

54. Steevens chuckles over the Poet's ignorance in making Bellona the wife of Mars. Surely a man must be ignorant not to see

Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men 60
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I 'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

that the Poet makes Macbeth the husband of Bellona.—*"Lapp'd in proof"* is covered with armor of proof.—H. N. H.

55. By *"him"* is meant *Norway,* and by *"self-comparisons"* is meant that he gave him as good as he brought, showed that he was his equal.—H. N. H.

Scene III

A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
Sec. Witch. Killing swine.
Third Witch. Sister, where thou?
First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd. 'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger;
But in a sieve I 'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,

6. The meaning of *"aroint,"* says Collier, is, *"begone, stand off,* and it is still used in the Craven district, and generally in the north of England, as well as in Cheshire. In some places it has assumed the form of *rynt,* but it is the same word." Richardson, however, puts it down as from *Rodere* or *Ronger,* to gnaw, to eat. So that the meaning here would be, as we still say, *"pox* on you," or "a *plague* take you."—H. N. H.

"rump-fed ronyon"; a scabby or mangy woman fed on offals; the *rumps* being formerly part of the kitchen fees of the cooks in great houses.—H. N. H.

8. *"sieve";* Scot, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft,* 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg-shell, a cockle or muscle-shell through and under the tempestuous seas." And in another pamphlet: *Declaring the damnable Life of Doctor Fian, a notable Sorcerer:* "All they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or cive, and went in the same very substantially, with flaggons of wine making merrie, and drinking by the way in the same riddles or cives." It was the belief of the times that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the *tail* would still be wanting.—H. N. H.

I 'll do, I 'll do, and I 'll do. 10
Sec. Witch. I 'll give thee a wind.
First Witch. Thou 'rt kind.
Third Witch. And I another.
First Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid; 20
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.
Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

10. *"I'll do"; i. e.* like a rat, gnaw a hole in the ship's bottom.—C. H. H.

11. This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship; for witches were supposed to sell them.—H. N. H.

15. *"And the very ports they blow"*; Johnson conj. *"various"* for *"very"*; Pope reads *"points"* for *"ports"*; Clar. Press edd. *"orts"*: *"blow"*="blow upon."—I. G.

23. This was supposed to be done by means of a waxen figure. Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practiced to destroy King Duff, says that they found one of the witches roasting, upon a wooden broach, an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person; "for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat: and as for the words of the inchantment, they served to keepe him still waking from *sleepe*."—H. N. H.

25. In the pamphlet about Dr. Fian, already quoted: "Againe it is confessed, that the said christined cat was the cause of the *Kinge's majestie's shippe, at his coming forth of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the rest of his shippes* then being in his companie."—H. N. H.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.
[*Drum within.*
Third Witch. A drum, a drum! 30
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm 's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire, 40
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught

32. *"weird"*; Ff., *"weyward"* (prob.=*"weird"*); Keightley, *"weyard."*—I. G.

"weird" is from the Saxon *wyrd,* and means the same as the Latin *fatum;* so that *weird sisters* is the *fatal sisters,* or the *sisters of fate.* Gawin Douglas, in his translation of Virgil, renders *Parcæ* by *weird sisters.* Which agrees well with Holinshed in the passage which the Poet no doubt had in his eye: "The common opinion was, that these women were either the *weird sisters,* that is (as ye would say) the *goddesses of destinie,* or else some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromanticall science, bicause everie thing came to passe as they had spoken."—H. N. H.

38. "On one of those days when sunshine and storm struggle for the mastery," Macbeth stands at the critical moment of his fortunes. His surroundings harmonize with the moral strife; and he is significantly made to echo unconsciously the parting cry of the witches in the first scene (l. 11):—

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair."—C. H. H.

That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter! 50

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60
Your favors nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. "All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!"

Macbeth. Act 1, Scene 3.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail! 69
Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the water has, 79
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?
Macb. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!
Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who 's here?

84. *"insane root";* henbane or hemlock.—H. N. H.

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads 90
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself did'st make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent 100
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life 110

97–98. *"As thick as hail Came post"*; Rowe's emendation; Ff. read *"As thick as tale Can post."*—I. G.

That is, posts come as *fast* as you can *count*.—H. N. H.

Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labor'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home, 120
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting 130
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,

120. *"that trusted home"*; such trust, pushed to its logical consequence.—C. H. H.

Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes to my single state of man that function 140
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner 's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

141, 142. *"and nothing is but what is not"*; that is, *facts* are lost sight of, I *see* nothing, but what is unreal, nothing but the specters of my own fancy. So, likewise, in the preceding clause: the mind is crippled, disabled for its proper function or office by the apprehensions and surmises that throng upon him. Macbeth's conscience here acts through his imagination, sets it all on fire, and he is terror-stricken and lost to the things before him, as the elements of evil, hitherto latent within him, gather and fashion themselves into the wicked purpose. His mind has all along been grasping and reaching forward for grounds to build criminal designs upon; yet he no sooner begins to build them than he is seized and shaken with horrors which he knows to be imaginary, yet cannot allay. Of this wonderful development of character Coleridge justly says,—"So surely is the guilt in its germ anterior to the supposed cause and immediate temptation." And again,—"Every word of his soliloquy shows the early birthdate of his guilt." How greedily the swelling evil of his conception has kept snatching at and sucking in, one after another, the offerings of occasion! thus proving indeed that the *elements* of crime were all in him before; yet his being surprised with such an ecstasy of terror equally proves that the guilty *purpose* is new to him, that his thoughts are unused to it.—H. N. H.

Ban. New honors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mold
But with the aid of use.
Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favor: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains 150
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Forres. The palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke

With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed 10
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay. 21

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,

9. *"studied"*; that is, well instructed in the art of dying. The behavior of the thane of Cawdor corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe. His asking the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian.—H. N. H.

13. *"He was a gentleman,"* etc. The entrance of Macbeth as these words are spoken gives them the effect of tragic irony.—C. H. H.

22–27. "Here, in contrast with Duncan's 'plenteous joys,' Macbeth

In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honor.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so: let me infold thee 31
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow.
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honor must

has nothing but the commonplaces of loyalty, in which he hides himself with 'our duties.' Note the exceeding effort of Macbeth's addresses to the king, his reasoning on his allegiance, and then especially when a new difficulty, the designation of a successor, suggests a new crime." Such is Coleridge's comment on the text.—H. N. H.

38, 39. Holinshed says, "Duncan, having two sons, made the elder of them, called Malcolm, prince of Cumberland, as it was thereby to appoint him his successor in his kingdome immediatelie after his decease. Macbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were

Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labor, which is not used for you:
I 'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires: 51
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
[*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let 's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarrel so to doe, (as he tooke the matter,) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might in time to come pretend, unto the crowne." Cumberland was then held in fief of the English crown.—H. N. H.

54–58. Of course during Macbeth's last speech Duncan and Banquo were conversing apart, he being the subject of their talk. The beginning of Duncan's speech refers to something Banquo has said in praise of Macbeth. Coleridge says,—"I always think there is something especially Shakespearean in Duncan's speeches throughout this scene, such pourings-forth, such abandonments, compared with the language of vulgar dramatists, whose characters seem to have made their speeches as the actors learn them."—H. N. H.

Scene V

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Are not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou 'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round, 30
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

25–27. The difficulty of these lines arises from the repeated words *"that which"* in line 26, and some editors have consequently placed the inverted commas after *"undone"*; but *"that which"* is probably due to the same expression in the previous line, and we should perhaps read *"and that's which"* or *"and that's what."*—I. G.

"Macbeth," says Coleridge, "is described by Lady Macbeth so as at the same time to reveal her own character. Could he have every thing he wanted, he would rather have it innocently;—ignorant, as, alas! how many of us are, that he who wishes a temporal end for itself does in truth will the means; and hence the danger of indulging fancies."—H. N. H.

32. *"To have thee crown'd"* is to *desire* that you should be crowned. Thus in *All's Well that Ends Well,* Act i. sc. 2: "Our dearest friend prejudicates the business, and would *seem to have* us make denial." —H. N. H.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger.*
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 41
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

40–42. *"The raven himself,"* etc.; this passage is often sadly marred in the reading by laying peculiar stress upon *"my"*; as the next sentence also is in the printing by repeating *"come,"* thus suppressing the pause wherein the speaker gathers and nerves herself up to the terrible strain that follows.—H. N. H.

42. The *"spirits"* here addressed are thus described in Nashe's *Pierce Pennilesse:* "The second kind of devils, which he most employeth, are those northern *Martii,* called the *spirits of revenge,* and the authors of massacres, and seedsmen of mischief; for they have commission to incense men to rapines, sacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command certain of the southern spirits to wait upon them, as also great Arioch, that is termed *the spirit of revenge.*"—H. N. H.

48, 49. *"nor keep peace . . . it"*; one might naturally think this should read,—"Nor *break* peace between the effect and it"; that is, nor make the effect contradict, or fall at strife with, the purpose. The sense, however, doubtless is, nor make any delay, any rest, any *pause for thought,* between the purpose and the act. Thus in Davenant's alteration of this play: "That no relapses into mercy may

And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers, 50
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

shake my design, nor make it fall before 'tis ripen'd to effect."—H. N. H.

54. At the outset Lady Macbeth is ready to commit the murder with her own hands.—C. H. H.

55. A similar expression occurs in Drayton's *Mortimeriados,* 1596: "The sullen night in mistie *rugge* is wrapp'd."—This appalling speech has been aptly commented on by Coleridge: "Lady Macbeth, like all in Shakespeare, is a class individualized;—of high rank, left much alone, and feeding herself with day-dreams of ambition, she mistakes the courage of fantasy for the power of bearing the consequences of the realities of guilt. Hers is the mock fortitude of a mind deluded by ambition; she shames her husband with a superhuman audacity of fancy which she cannot support, but sinks in the season of remorse, and dies in suicidal agony. Her speech is that of one who had habitually familiarized her imagination to dreadful conceptions, and was trying to do so still more. Her invocations and requisitions are all the false efforts of a mind accustomed only hitherto to the shadows of the imagination, vivid enough to throw the every-day substances of life into shadow, but never as yet brought into direct contact with their own correspondent realities."—H. N. H.

Macb. My dearest love, 60
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch; 70
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favor ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

65. *"To beguile the time"*; to deceive the world.—C. H. H.

Scene VI

Before Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:

1. "The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakespeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented. This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image or picture of familiar domestic life" (Sir J. Reynolds).—H. N. H.

4. *"martlet";* Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"Barlet."*—I. G.

5. *"loved mansionry";* Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"loved mansonry";* Pope (ed. 2), *"loved masonry."*—I. G.

6. *"jutty, frieze";* Pope, *"jutting frieze";* Staunton conj. *"jutty, nor frieze,"* &c.—I. G.

Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honor'ed hostess! 10
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor?

9. *"most"*; Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"must"*; Collier MS., *"much."* —I. G.

13. To *"bid"* is here used in the Saxon sense of to *pray*. *"God 'ild us,"* is God *reward* us. Malone and Steevens were perplexed by what they call the obscurity of this passage. If this be obscure, we should like to know what isn't. Is anything more common than to thank people for annoying us, as knowing that they do it from love? And does not Duncan clearly mean, that his love is what puts him upon troubling them thus, and therefore they will be grateful to him for the pains he causes them to take?—H. N. H.

14. Here again we must quote from Coleridge: "The lyrical movement with which this scene opens, and the free and unengaged mind of Banquo, loving nature, and rewarded in the love itself, form a highly dramatic contrast with the labored rhythm and hypocritical over-much of Lady Macbeth's welcome, in which you cannot detect a ray of personal feeling, but all is thrown upon the *dignities*, the general duty."—H. N. H.

We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him. 30
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow

"Enter a Sewer"; an officer so called from his placing the dishes on the table. *Asseour,* French; from *asseoir,* to *place.*—H. N. H.

4. *"his"* for *its,* referring to assassination.—H. N. H.

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice 10
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

6. *"shoal"*; Theobald's emendation of Ff. 1, 2, *"schoole."*—I. G.
8. *"that"*; so that.—C. H. H.
23. *"the sightless couriers of the air"* are what the Poet elsewhere calls the *viewless winds*.—H. N. H.
28. Hanmer inserted *side* here upon conjecture, and some editors

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has? 30

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honor'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor 40
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

have followed him. *Side* may have been meant by the Poet, but it was not said. And the sense *feels* better without it, as this shows the speaker to be in such an eagerly-expectant state of mind as to break off the instant he has a prospect of any news.—It hath been ingeniously proposed to change *itself* into *its sell,* an old word for *saddle.* But no change is necessary, the using of *self* for *aim* or *purpose* being quite lawful and idiomatic; as we often say, such a one *overshot himself,* that is, overshot his mark, his aim.—H. N. H.

45. *"Like the poor cat i' the adage";* "The cat would eat fyshe, and would not wet her feete," Heywood's *Proverbs;* the low Latin form of the same proverb is:—

"Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas."—I. G.

Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady M. What beast was 't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man; 49
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail?
Lady M. We fail! 59

47. *"do more"*; Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"no more."*—I. G.

50. *"to be"*; by being.—C. H. H.

54–59. *"I have given,"* etc.; it is said that Mrs. Siddons, in her personation of Lady Macbeth, used to utter the horrible words of this speech in a scream, as though she were almost frightened out of her wits by the audacity of her own tongue. And we can easily conceive how a spasmodic action of fear might lend her the appearance of superhuman or inhuman boldness. At all events, it should be observed that Lady Macbeth's energy and intensity of purpose overbears the feelings of the woman, and that some of her words are spoken more as suiting the former, than as springing from the latter. And her convulsive struggle of feeling against that overbearing violence of purpose might well be expressed by a scream.—H. N. H.

59. *"We fail!"*; three modes of pointing have been pitched upon

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbec only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 70
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
Upon his death?

here by different critics, namely, (!) (?) (.). Here, again, we have recourse to Mrs. Siddons, who, it is said, tried "three different intonations in giving the words *We fail.* At first, a quick contemptuous interrogation, *We fail?* Afterwards, with a note of admiration, *We fail!* and an accent of indignant astonishment, laying the principal emphasis on the word *we.* Lastly, she fixed on the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low, resolute tone, which settled the issue at once; as though she had said, 'If we fail, why, then we fail, and all is over.' This is consistent with the dark fatalism of the character, and the sense of the following lines; and the effect was sublime."—H. N. H.

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. 80
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword. There 's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

5. *"that"*; some other part of his accoutrement, probably the shield or targe. "On the stage the action would explain, and all Shakespeare's plays were written for the stage" (Chambers).—C. H. H.

7–9. *"Merciful powers . . . repose!"*; it is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakespeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose.—H. N. H.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword
Who 's there? 10
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All 's well. 19
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honor for you.

14. *"offices";* so in the original, but usually changed to *officers.* Of course the bounty was sent forth for those employed in the *offices.*—H. N. H.

23. *"We";* perhaps an involuntary anticipation of the kingly "we." Macbeth's acting is, at this stage, far inferior to his wife's.—C. H. H.

24–26. *"At your kind'st leisure . . . for you";* a deal of critical and editorial ink has been needlessly spent about this innocent passage. The meaning evidently is, if you will stick to my side, to what has my *consent;* if you will tie yourself to my fortunes and counsel. —H. N. H.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.
Macb. Good repose the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you! 30
[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*
Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world 49

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

50. *"Nature seems dead";* in the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida,* 1602, we have the following lines:

"'Tis yet the dead of night, yet all the earth is clutch'd
In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep:
No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,
No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching owls,
Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
. . . . . I am great in blood,
Unequall'd in revenge:—you horrid scouts
That sentinel swart night, give loud applause
From your large palms."—H. N. H.

51. *"sleep";* Steevens conj. *"sleeper,"* but no emendation is necessary; the pause after *"sleep"* is evidently equivalent to a syllable.—I. G.

55. *"Tarquin's ravishing strides";* Pope's emendation; Ff., *"Tarquins ravishing sides."*—I. G.

The original has *sides,* which Pope changed to *strides.* This, however, has been objected to as not cohering with "stealthy pace," and "moves like a ghost." But *strides* did not always carry an idea of violence or noise. Thus in the *Faerie Queene,* book iv. can. 8, stan. 37:

"They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With *easie* steps so *soft* as foot could *stryde.*"—H. N. H.

56. *"sure";* Pope's conj., adopted by Capell; Ff. 1, 2, *"sowre."*—I. G.

57. *"which way they walk";* Rowe's emendation; Ff., *"which they may walk."*—I. G.

Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives: 60
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,

60. *"which now suits with it";* Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such horror to the night, as well suited with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,* observes, that "all general privations are great because they are terrible." The poets of antiquity have many of them heightened their scenes of terror by dwelling on the silence which accompanied them.—H. N. H.

3. *"the fatal bellman";* the owl, as a bird of ill omen, is compared to the "bellman" sent to condemn persons the night before they suffer.

Webster imitated this in the *Duchess of Malfi,* iv. 2:—

"Hark now everything is still
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud."—C. H. H.

Macb. "I've done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?"
Lady M. "I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry."

Macbeth. Act 2, Scene 1.

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within*] Who's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked 10
And 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter Macbeth.

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

13, 14. *"had he not resembled,"* etc.; Warburton has remarked upon the fine art discovered in this "one touch of nature." That some fancied resemblance to her father should thus rise up and stay her uplifted arm, shows that in her case conscience works quite as effectually through the feelings, as through the imagination in case of her husband. And the difference between imagination and feeling is, that the one acts most at a distance, the other on the spot. This gush of native tenderness, coming in thus after her terrible audacity of thought and speech, has often reminded us of a line in Schiller's noble drama, *The Piccolomini,* Act iv. sc. 4: "Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not.*" And we are apt to think that the hair-stiffening extravagance of her previous speeches arose in part from the sharp conflict between her feelings and her purpose; she endeavoring thereby to school and steel herself into a firmness and fierceness of which she feels the want.—H. N. H.

Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady M. Aye.
Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain. 19
Macb. This is a sorry sight.
[*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodged together.
Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands:
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply. 30
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

27. *"as"*; as if.—C. H. H.

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean? 40

Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

35–36. There are no inverted commas in the Folios. The arrangement in the text is generally followed (similarly, ll. 42–43).—I. G.

35–40. This whole speech is commonly printed as what Macbeth imagines himself to have heard; whereas all from *the innocent sleep* is evidently his own conscience-stricken reflections on the imaginary utterances.—Upon this appalling scene Coleridge thus remarks: "Now that the deed is done or doing,—now that the first reality commences, Lady Macbeth shrinks. The most simple sound strikes terror, the most natural consequences are horrible; whilst previously every thing, however awful, appeared a mere trifle: conscience, which before had been hidden to Macbeth in selfish and prudential fears, now rushes upon him in her own veritable person."—H. N. H.

They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I 'll go no more: 50
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.
[*Exit. Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes! 59
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

53–55. *"Give me . . . devil";* with her firm self-control, this bold bad woman, when awake, was to be moved by nothing but *facts:* when her powers of self-control were unknit by sleep, then was the time for her to see things that were not, save in her own conscience.—H. N. H.

60. *"Will all great Neptune's ocean,"* etc.; this is one of the most remarkable reminiscences of Seneca in Shakespeare:—

> "Quis eluet me Tanais? aut quae barbaris
> Maeotis undis pontico incumbens mari?
> non ipse toto magnus oceano páter
> tantum expiarit sceleris" (*Hippolytus,* 723).—C. H. H.

63. To *"incarnadine,"* is to color red.—H. N. H.

64. *"Making the green one red";* of course the sense of the line is "Making the green *water all red.*" Milton's *Comus* has a like expression: "And makes *one* blot of all the air."—H. N. H.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your color, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*]
I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*]
Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us 70
And show us to be watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [*Knocking within.*]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st! [*Exeunt.*

68, 69. "*Your constancy,*" etc.; that is, your firmness hath *forsaken* you, *doth not attend* you.—H. N. H.

73. This is an answer to Lady Macbeth's reproof. "While I have *the thought* of this deed, it were best not know, or *be lost* to myself."—H. N. H.

Scene III

The same.

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here 's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who 's there, in th' other devil's name? Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who' s there? Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French

Sc. 3. *"Knocking within";* some sentences from De Quincey's suggestive note on this interruption and the following scene may be quoted:—"When the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard, and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the reëstablishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them."—C. H. H.

2. "old" was a common augmentative.—H. N. H.

hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But 20 this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great pro- 30 voker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on and it takes him off; it per- 40 suades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

23. *"the primrose way,"* etc.; so in *Hamlet:* "Himself the *primrose path* of dalliance treads." And in *All's Well that Ends Well:* "The *flowery way* that leads to the great fire."—H. N. H.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my leg sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him: I had almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I 'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labor we delight in physics pain. This is the door.

Macd. I 'll make so bold to call, For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say, Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,

And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird 69
Clamor'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee.

Macb. }
Len. } What 's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty? 80

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*

Awake, awake!

78. *"The Lord's anointed temple";* a blending of two scriptural phrases: "the Lord's anointed" (as in *Rich. III,* iv. 4.) and "ye are the temple of the living God."—C. H. H.

82. There were three Gorgons, but the reference is to Medusa, whose head, fixed on Minerva's shield, turned all beholders to stone. —C. H. H.

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell. 90
[*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo!
Our royal master 's murder'd.
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so. 100

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant

There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father 's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom? 110
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows:
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man: 120
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,

123. *"golden blood"*; to *gild* with blood is a very common phrase in old plays. Johnson says, "It is not improbable that Shakespeare

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues, 130
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let 's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:
[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists of antithesis only."—H. N. H.

138. That is, when we have clothed our half-dressed bodies.—H. N. H.

And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us: 141
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretense I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*

Mal. What will you do? Let 's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I 'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune 150
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way

142–144. Banquo's meaning is,—Relying upon God, I swear perpetual war against this treason, and all the *secret plottings* of malice, whence it sprung.—H. N. H.

145. *"manly readiness"; i. e.* the equipment and mood of battle.—C. H. H.

152. *"the near in blood";* meaning that he suspects Macbeth, who was the next in blood.—H. N. H.

154. *"hath not yet lighted";* suspecting this murder to be the work of Macbeth, Malcolm thinks it could have no purpose but what himself and his brother equally stand in the way of; that the "murderous shaft" must pass through them to reach its mark.—H. N. H.

Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there 's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there 's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Outside Macbeth's castle.

Enter Ross with an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp:
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,

7. *"traveling"*; Collier and Verplanck change *traveling* to *travailing* here, on the ground that the former "gives a puerile idea"; whereupon Mr. Dyce remarks: "In this speech *no mention is made of the sun* till it is described as 'the *traveling* lamp,' the epithet 'traveling' determining *what* 'lamp' was intended: the instant, therefore, that *'traveling'* is changed to 'travailing,' the word 'lamp' CEASES TO SIGNIFY THE SUN." To which we will add, that if *traveling lamp* "gives a puerile idea," it may be thought, nevertheless, to have a pretty good sanction in Psalm xix.: "In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun; which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race." It should be remarked that in the Poet's time the same form of the word was used in the two senses of *travel* and *travail*.—H. N. H.

That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural, 10
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last
A falcon towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff. 20
How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

8–10. "After the murder of King Duffe," says Holinshed, "for the space of six months togither there appeared no sunne by daye, nor moone by night, in anie part of the realme; but still the sky was covered with continual clouds; and sometimes such outrageous winds arose, with lightenings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction."—H. N. H.

18. *"eat each other";* Holinshed relates that after King Duff's murder "there was a *sparhawk* strangled by an *owl,"* and that *"horses* of *singular beauty* and *swiftness* did *eat their own flesh."*—H. N. H.

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30
Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I 'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross. Farewell, father.
Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad and friends of foes! 41

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Forres. The palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more. 10

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I 'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness

Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Aye, my good lord. 20

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd 30
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Aye, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.* 40
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.*
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*
To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature 50
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares,
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My Genius is rebuked, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings: 60
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace

Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings! 70
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who 's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
First Mur. It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you, 80
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'
First Mur. You made it known to us.

71, 72. "Let fate, that has foredoomed the exaltation of Banquo's sons, enter the lists in aid of its own decrees, I will fight against it to the uttermost, whatever be the consequence."—H. N. H.

81. *"borne in hand"*; to *bear in hand* is to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair prospects, without any intention of performance.—H. N. H.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave 90
And beggar'd yours for ever?
First Mur. We are men, my liege.
Macb. Aye, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill 100
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what 110

101. *"writes them all alike"*; includes all their varieties under the same generic name of "dog."—C. H. H.

I do to spite the world.
First Mur. And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on 't.
Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
Both Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, 120
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
First Mur. Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves, 129
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,

130. *"you with the perfect spy o' the time"*; Johnson conj. *"you with a"*; Tyrwhitt conj. *"you with the perfect spot, the time"*; Beckett conj. *"you with the perfectry o' the time"*; Grant White, from Collier MS., *"you, with a perfect spy, o' the time"*; Schmidt interprets *"spy"* to mean "an advanced guard; that time which will precede the time of the deed, and indicate that it is at hand";

The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I 'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I 'll call upon you straight: abide within. 140

[*Exeunt Murderers.*

It is concluded: Banquo thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exit.*

according to others *"spy"*= the person who gives the information; the simplest explanation is, perhaps, "the exact spying out of the time," *i. e.* "the moment on 't," which in the text follows in apposition.—I. G.

Scene II

The palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Aye, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Naught 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,

16–19. *"But let . . . nightly";* the process of Macbeth's mind is thus suggested by Coleridge: "Ever and ever mistaking the

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie 21
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; 30
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams,
And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

anguish of conscience for fears of selfishness, and thus, as a punishment of that selfishness, plunging still deeper in guilt and ruin." But is it not the natural result of an imagination so redundant and excitable as his, that the agonies of remorse should project and embody themselves in imaginary terrors, and so, for security against these, put him upon new crimes?—H. N. H.

20. *"our peace"*; so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"our place."*—I. G.

21. *"on the torture of the mind to lie"*; an allusion to the rack.—C. H. H.

34, 35. The sense of this passage appears to be,—It is a sign that

Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.
Macb. There 's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons 41
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What 's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow 50

our royalty is unsafe, when it must descend to flattery, and stoop to dissimulation.—H. N. H.

38. Ritson has justly observed that *"nature's copy* alludes to *copy-hold* tenure; in which the tenant holds an estate for *life,* having nothing but the *copy* of the rolls of his lord's court to show for it. A *life-hold* tenure may well be said to be not *eternal.*—H. N. H.

49. *"Cancel,"* etc.; a continuation of the image in line 37.—C. H. H. *"that great bond"* is Banquo's life. So in *Richard III,* Act iv. sc. 4: *"Cancel his bond of life,* dear God, I pray."—H. N. H.

50. *"Light thickens";* thus in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess:*

"Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to *thicken,* and the sun
Already his great course hath run."—H. N. H.

Makes wing to the rocky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvel'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A park near the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
Third Mur. Macbeth.
Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveler apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!
Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation 10
Already are i' the court.
First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually—
So all men do—from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.
First Mur. Stand to 't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
First Mur. Let it come down.
[*They set upon Banquo.*
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!
[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*
Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?
First Mur. Was 't not the way?
Third Mur. There 's but one down; the son is fled.
Sec. Mur. We have lost 20
Best half of our affair.
First Mur. Well, let 's away and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Hall in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last a hearty welcome.

1. *"at first"*; Johnson with great plausibility proposes to read *"to* first and last."—H. N. H.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst: 10
Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door*]
There 's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he 's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped. 20
Macb. [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

14. "*'Tis better thee without than he within*"; probably "*he*" instead of "*him*" for the sake of effective antithesis with "*thee*"; unless, as is possible, "*he within*"="he in this room."—I. G.

That is, I am better pleased that his blood should be on thy face than he in this room.—H. N. H.

As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Aye, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.
[*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed, 30
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: tomorrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May 't please your highness sit.

[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

34. *"that is not often vouch'd";* the last clause of this sentence evidently depends upon *vouch'd:* "that is not often vouch'd to be given with welcome." There were no need of saying this, but that Mr. Collier mars the sense by putting a semicolon after *making.*—H. N. H.

Macb. "Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me."

Macbeth. Act 3, Scene 4.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honor roof'd, 40
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
Macb. The table 's full.
Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake 50
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. Aye, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff! 60
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. 70
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Ghost.*

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Aye, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,

64. *"Impostors to true fear";* that is, these self-generated fears are impostors, *compared to* true fear,—that fear which springs from real danger,—such danger as you have often outfaced. This use of *to* for *compared to,* or *in comparison with,* has puzzled the commentators hugely, but was very common in the old writers, and is so still.—H. N. H.

72, 73. *"our monuments,"* etc.; the same thought occurs in *The Faerie Queene,* b. ii. can. 8: "Be not entombed in the raven or the *kight."*—H. N. H.

76. *"purged the gentle weal";* purged the state of violence and hence made it "gentle."—C. H. H.

78. *"time has"; F. 1, "times has"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "times have";* the reading of the First Folio is probably what Shakespeare intended. —I. G.

That, when the brains were out, the man would
die,
And there an end; but now they rise again, 80
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more
strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all;
Then I 'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill
full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge. 92

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth
hide thee!

92. *"Re-enter Ghost"*; much question has been made of late, whether there be not two several ghosts in this scene; some maintaining that Duncan's enters here, and Banquo's before; others, that Banquo's enters here, and Duncan's before. The whole question seems absurd enough. But perhaps it will be best disposed of by referring to Dr. Forman, who, as we have seen in the Introduction, witnessed this play at the Globe, April 20, 1610, and who, as he speaks of Banquo's ghost, would doubtless have spoken of Duncan's, had there been any such. "The night, being at supper with his noblemen,

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger; 101
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Exit Ghost.*
Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

whom he had bid to a feast, (to the which also Banquo should have come,) he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, *standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo* came, and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw *the ghost of Banquo,* which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth."—H. N. H.

105–106. *"If trembling I inhabit then";* various emendations have been proposed, *e. g. "I inhibit,"*=*"me inhibit," "I inhibit thee," "I inherit,"* &c.; probably the text is correct, and the words mean "If I then put on the habit of trembling," *i. e.* "if I invest myself in trembling" (*cp.* Koppel, p. 76).—I. G.

That is, if I *stay at home* then. The passage is thus explained by Horne Tooke: "Dare me to the desert with thy sword; if then I do not meet thee there; if trembling I stay in my castle, or any *habitation;* if I then hide my head, or *dwell* in any place through fear, protest me the baby of a girl." But for the meddling of Pope and others, this passage would have hardly required a note.—H. N. H.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.
Macb. Can such things be, 110
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Ross. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night; and better health 120
Attend his majesty!
Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*
Macb. It will have blood: they say blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augures and understood relations have

111. *"overcome"*; pass over us without wonder, as a casual summer's cloud passes, unregarded.—H. N. H.

113. You make me a stranger even to my own disposition, now when I think you can look upon such sights unmoved.—H. N. H.

122. The Folios read:—

> *"It will have blood they say;*
> *Blood will have blood."*—I. G.

By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way, but I will send: 130
There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.
Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we 'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse 142
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

144. *"in deed"*; Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"indeed"*; Hanmer, *"in deeds."*—I. G.

Scene V

A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done 10
Hath been but for a wayward son,

Sc. 5. The scene is probably an interpolation.—C. H. H.

1. Shakespeare has been censured for bringing in Hecate among vulgar witches, as confounding ancient with modern superstitions. But, besides that this censure itself confounds the Weird Sisters with the witches of popular belief, the common notions of witchcraft in his time took classical names for the chiefs and leaders of the witches. In Jonson's *Sad Shepherd* Hecate is spoken of as mistress of the witches, "our *dame Hecate.*" We have already, in Act i. sc. 1 given a passage from Coleridge, stating the difference between the Weird Sisters and the vulgar witches. It is worth remarking, also, how Dr. Forman speaks of the Weird Sisters, as he saw them on the Poet's own stage. "There was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women *Fairies* or *Nymphs,* and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth," &c. Which looks as if this dealer in occult science knew better than to call them witches, yet scarce knew what else to call them.—H. N. H.

Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I 'll spend 20
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I 'll catch it ere it comes to ground:
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprights
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' &c.*

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

First Witch. Come, let 's make haste; she 'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

13. *"Loves";* Halliwell conj. *"Lives";* Staunton conj. *"Loves evil."* —I. G.

24. *"vaporous drop"* seems to have been the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantments.—H. N. H.

Scene VI

Forres. The palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact! 10
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Aye, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an 't please heaven, he shall not—they should find

Sc. 6. "Forres" is Capell's suggestion.—C. H. H.

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd 21
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid 30
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That by the help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honors:
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,' 40
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say 'You 'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

27. *"the most pious Edward," i. e.* Edward the Confessor.—I. G.
35. The construction is: "Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives."—H. N. H.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!

Lord. I 'll send my prayers with him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
Third Witch. Harpier cries "Tis time, 'tis time.'
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go:
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble; 10
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

6. So in the original. Pope would read, "under *the* cold stone"; Steevens, "under cold*est* stone"; the latter of which is commonly followed. There seems, indeed, no call for any discord here, such as comes by omitting a syllable from the verse, and perhaps something dropped out in the printing. Yet to our ear the extending of *cold* to the time of two syllables *feels* right enough. At all events, we stick to the original.—H. N. H.

Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble; 20
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digged i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe 30
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

25. *"the dark"*; as the season of misdeeds.—C. H. H.

28. *"in the moon's eclipse"*; a season proverbially ill-omened; *cf. Lear* i. 2. 117, *Sonnets* lx. and cvii.—C. H. H.

34. In sorting the materials wherewith the Weird Sisters celebrate their infernal orgies, and compound their "hell-broth," Shakespeare gathered and condensed the popular belief of his time. Ben Jonson, whose mind dwelt more in the circumstantial, and who spun his poetry much more out of the local and particular, made a grand showing from the same source in his *Mask of Queens.* But his powers did not permit, nor did his purpose require, him to select and dispose his materials so as to cause anything like such an impression of terror. Shakespeare so weaves his incantations as to cast a spell upon the mind, and force its acquiescence in what he represents: explode as we may the witchcraft he describes, there is no exploding the witchcraft of his description; the effect springing not so much from what he borrows as from his own ordering thereof.—H. N. H.

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains: 40
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.*
[*Hecate retires.*

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me: 51
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches! though the yesty waves

43. "*Black spirits*"; this song also, like the former, was not given in the printed copy of the play, and has been supplied from *Middleton's Witch,* the manuscript of which was discovered towards the close of the last century. We give it here, not feeling authorized to print it in the text:

"Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may."

Probably both songs were taken from "the traditional wizard poetry of the drama."—H. N. H.

Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me 60
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We 'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought:

68. The *"armed head"* represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff, untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child, with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane (Upton).—H. N. H.

Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. ~~Dismiss me: enough~~. [*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.

Sec. App. Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born 80
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

70. Silence was necessary during all incantations. So in *The Tempest:* "Be *mute,* or else our spell is marr'd."—H. N. H.

72. *"Dismiss me: enough";* spirits thus evoked were supposed to be impatient of being questioned.—H. N. H.

78. So the expression still in use: "I listened with *all the ears I had.*"—H. N. H.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care 90
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart 100
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:

93. The present accent of *Dunsinane* is right. In every other instance the accent is misplaced. Thus in Hervey's *Life of King Robert Bruce,* 1729:

"Whose deeds let Birnam and *Dunsinnan* tell,
When Canmore battled and the villain fell."—H. N. H.

97. *"Rebellion's head";* Theobald's conj., adopted by Hanmer; Ff. read *"Rebellious dead";* Warburton's conj., adopted by Theobald, *"Rebellious head."*—I. G.

Why sinks that cauldron? ~~and what noise is this~~?
[*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!
Sec. Witch. Show!
Third Witch. Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; 110
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I 'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see 120

111. *"A show of Eight Kings";* Banquo is reputed to have been an ancestor of the Stuarts. Walter Stuart married the grand-daughter of Robert Bruce, and their son was Robert II. His descendants, who sat upon the throne, were Robert III and the six kings called James. Mary, daughter of James V, is omitted in the vision, as the witches' prophecy related only to kings.—C. H. H.

119. *"a glass";* the notion of a magic *glass* or charmed mirror, wherein anyone might see whatsoever of the distant or the future pertained to himself, seems to have been a part of the old Druidical mythology. There is an allusion to it in *Measure for Measure,* Act. II. scene ii.: "And, like a prophet, looks in a *glass* that shows what *future evils,"* &c.—H. N. H.

That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

First Witch. Aye, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round, 130
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What 's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear

121. *"balls"*; the globe, part of the king's insignia. In 1542 Henry VIII took the title of King of Ireland. When James VI of Scotland came to the English throne the three scepters were united. Thus he alone of the eight could carry "two-fold balls and treble scepters."—C. H. H.

The galloping of horse: who was 't came by? 140

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Aye, my good lord.

Macb. [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise; 150
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Fife. Macduff's castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor

3, 4. *"when our actions . . . traitors"*; our flight is considered as evidence of treason.—H. N. H.

18. *"when we are traitors And do not know ourselves,"* *i. e.* when we are accounted traitors, and do not know that we are, having no consciousness of guilt. Hanmer, *"know 't o."*; Keightley, *"know it ourselves"*; but no change seems necessary.—I. G.

19–20. *"when we hold rumor,"* &c.; *i. e.* "when we interpret rumor in accordance with our fear, yet know not exactly what it is we fear."—I. G.

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea 21
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I 'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father 's dead: 30
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

22. *"Each way and move";* Theobald conj. *"Each way and wave";* Capell, *"And move each way";* Steevens conj. *"And each way move";* Johnson conj. *"Each way, and move—"*; Jackson conj. *"Each wail and moan";* Ingleby conj. *"Which way we move";* Anon. conj. *"And move each wave";* Staunton conj. *"Each sway and move";* Daniel conj. *"Each way it moves";* Camb. edd. conj. *"Each way and none";* perhaps *"Each way we move"* is the simplest reading of the words.—I. G.

"and move"; if right, these obscure words probably make explicit the idea of movement to and fro implied in "floating" on "a wild and violent sea."—C. H. H.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market. 40

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Aye, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged. 50

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father? 60

Son. If he were dead, you 'ld weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honor I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty, 71
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defense,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

First Mur. Where is your husband? 80
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.
First Mur. He 's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain!

71. *"do worse," i. e.* "let her and her children be destroyed without warning" (Johnson); (Hanmer, *"do less"; Capell, "do less"*).—I. G.

83. *"shag-ear'd"*; the old copy has *shag-ear'd,* upon which Mr. Knight remarks,—"This should be probably *shag-hair'd.*" Mr. Dyce, quoting this remark, adds,—"Assuredly it should: formerly, *hair* was often written *hear;* and *shag-hear'd* was doubtless altered by a mistake of the transcriber, or the original compositor, to *shag-*

First Mur. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*
[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murderer!'*
Exeunt murderers, following her.

Scene III

England. Before the King's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows

ear'd. King Midas, after his decision in favor of Pan, is the only human being on record to whom the latter epithet could be applied." *Shag-hair'd* was a common term of abuse. In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils of this Age,* 1596, we have "*shag-heard* slave."—H. N. H.

85. *Exit, etc.;* "This scene," says Coleridge, "dreadful as it is, is still a relief, because a variety, because domestic, and therefore soothing, as associated with the only real pleasures of life. The conversation between Lady Macduff and her child heightens the pathos, and is preparatory for the deep tragedy of their assassination. Shakespeare's fondness for children is everywhere shown;—in Prince Arthur in *King John;* in the sweet scene in *The Winter's Tale* between Hermione and her son; nay, even in honest Evans' examination of Mrs. Page's schoolboy."—H. N. H.

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolor.

Mal. What I believe, I 'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 10
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon; 20
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:

10. *"to friend"*; opportune.—C. H. H.

15. *"deserve"*; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Ff. 1, 2, *"discerne"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"discern"*; ——, *"and wisdom"*; there is some corruption of text here, probably a line has dropped out. Hanmer reads *"'tis wisdom"*; Steevens conj. *"and wisdom is it"*; Collier conj. *"and 'tis wisdom"*; Staunton conj. *"and wisdom 'tis"* or *"and wisdom bids"*; Keightley, *"and wisdom 'twere."*—I. G.

"through me" means, *by putting me out of the way.*—H. N. H.

Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just, 30
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country:
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash 40
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer

24. *"my hopes"; i. e.* hopes of welcome from Malcolm, who withholds it from distrust, aroused by Macduff's abandonment of wife and children.—C. H. H.

Of goodly thousands: but for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know 50
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there 's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters, 61
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet

To take upon you what is yours: you may 70
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink:
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house: 80
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,

72. *"time"*; world.—C. H. H.

Acting in many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland! 100

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 110
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth

111. *"Died every day she lived,"* "lived a life of daily mortification" (Delius).—I. G.

By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above 120
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking 130
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we 'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray you? 140

Doct. Aye, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,

Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What 's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people, 150
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

149–159. Holinshed has the following respecting Edward the Confessor: "As it has been thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophecy, and also to have the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to help those that were vexed with the disease commonly called the king's evil, and left that virtue as it were a portion of inheritance unto his successors, the kings of this realm." The custom of touching for the king's evil was not wholly laid aside till the days of Queen Anne, who used it on the infant Dr. Johnson.—The *"golden stamp"* was the coin called *angel.*—H. N. H.

153. *"Hanging a golden stamp,";* etc.; each person touched received a gold coin. Sir Thomas Browne wrote sixty years later: "The King's Purse knows that the King's Evil grows more common."—C. H. H.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not. 160
Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!
Ross. Sir, amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell 170
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What 's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.

177. *"well"*; thus in *Antony and Cleopatra:* "We use to say, *the dead are well.*"—H. N. H.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't? 180
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 190
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
Ross. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break. 210
Macd. My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Ross. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

216. *"He has no children"*; "he" is probably Malcolm, whose talk of comfort at such a moment is thus rebutted and explained. Macbeth lies wholly beyond the pale of such reproach.—C. H. H.

Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so; 220
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens, 231
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. 240
[*Exeunt.*

235. *"tune"*; Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"time."*—I. G.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say? 10

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech. 20

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Aye, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands. 30

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: two: why, then 'tis time to do 't. Hell is 40 murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

29. *"sense is shut";* Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"sense are shut";* S. Walker conj., adopted by Dyce, *"sense' are shut."* The reading of the Folio probably gives the right reading, *"sense"* being taken as a plural.—I. G.

40. *"Hell is murky";* of course Lady Macbeth dreams of being in talk with her husband; and, he having said through fear, *"Hell is murky,"* she repeats his words, as in scorn of his cowardice.—H. N. H.

SLEEP-WALKING SCENE OF LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. "Out damned spot! out, I say!—One, two; why, then 'tis time to do t.— Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard?"

Macbeth. Act 5. Scene 1.

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting. 50

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged. 60

50. *"starting"*; she is alluding to the terrors of Macbeth when the Ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet.—H. N. H.

56–58. Upon this, the awfulest passage in this most awful scene, Mr. Verplanck has written in so high a style of criticism that we cannot forbear to quote him. After remarking how fertile is the sense of smell in the milder and gentler charms of poetry, he observes: "But the smell has never been successfully used as the means of impressing the imagination with terror, pity, or any of the deeper emotions, except in this dreadful sleep-walking of the guilty Queen, and in one parallel scene of the Greek drama, as wildly terrible as this. It is that passage of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, where the captive prophetess Cassandra, wrapt in visionary inspiration, scents first the smell of blood, and then the vapors of the tomb breathing from the palace of Atrides, as ominous of his approaching murder. These two stand alone in poetry; and Fuseli in his lectures informs us, that when, in the kindred art of painting, it has been attempted to produce tragic effect through the medium of ideas drawn from 'this squeamish sense,' even Raphael and Poussin have failed, and excited disgust instead of terror or compassion."—And Mrs. Siddons, after quoting Lady Macbeth's—"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand"— adds,—"How beautifully contrasted is the exclamation with the bolder image of Macbeth, in expressing the same feeling: 'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash the blood clean from this hand? And how appropriately either sex illustrates the same idea!"—H. N. H.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave. 70

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there 's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what 's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds 80
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So good night:
My mind she has mated and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The country near Dunsinane.

Drum and colors. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now 10
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he 's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,

Nothing in love: now does he feel his title 20
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. 30
Make we our march towards Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene III

Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know

1. "*them,*" *i. e.* the thanes.—I. G.

All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear 9
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch!
Death of my soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face!
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push 20
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

11. *"cream-faced loon"*; this word, which signifies *a base abject fellow,* is now only used in Scotland; it was formerly common in England, but spelled *lown,* and is justly considered by Horne Tooke as the past participle of *to low* or abase. *Lout* has the same origin. —H. N. H.

21. *"cheer"*; Percy conj., adopted by Dyce, *"chair"*: ——; *"dis-seat,"* Jennens and Capell conj., adopted by Steevens; F. 1, *"dis-*

I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What 's your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more? 30
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I 'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armor.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I 'll put it on.
Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.
How does your patient, doctor?

eate"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"disease"*; Bailey conj. *"disseize"*; Daniel conj. *"defeat"*; Furness, *"dis-ease"*; Perring conj. *"disheart."*—I. G.

22. *"way of life"*; Johnson proposed the unnecessary emendation *"May of life,"* and several editors have accepted the conjecture.—I. G.

For *"way* of life" Johnson and others would read *"May* of life," which will not go at all with the context; for Macbeth is not in the spring, but in the autumn of life; and the cause of his distress is not that his *old age* is premature, but that it is without its proper accompaniments. Gifford in his edition of Massinger says,—*"Way of life* is neither more nor less than a simple peraphrasis for *life"*; and he makes it good by many examples.—H. N. H.

MACBETH ARMING FOR THE FIGHT WITH MACDUFF.

Macb. "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff."

Macbeth. Act 5, Scene 3.

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, 40
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I 'll none of it.
Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast 50
The water of my land, find her disease
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. Pull 't off, I say.
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

44. *"stuff'd"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"stuft"*; Pope, *"full"*; Steevens conj., adopted by Hunter, *"foul"*; Anon. conj. *"fraught"*; *"press'd"*; Bailey conj. *"stain'd"*; Mull conj. *"steep'd"*: ——; *"stuff"*; so Ff. 3, 4; Jackson conj. *"tuft"*; Collier (ed. 2), from Collier MS., *"grief"*; Keightley, *"matter"*; Anon. conj. *"slough,"* *"freight"*; Kinnear conj. *"fraught."*—I. G.

50, 54, 58. In his disturbed state Macbeth puts on and takes off his armor.—C. H. H.

55. *"senna"*; so F. 4; F. 1, *"Cyme"*; Ff. 2, 3, *"Caeny"*; Bulloch conj. *"sirrah."*—I. G.

Doct. Aye, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. 60
Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Country near Birnam wood

Drum and colors. Enter Malcolm, old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Soldiers. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope: 10

58. "*it,*" *i. e.* the armor.—I. G.

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: 20
Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene V

Dunsinane. Within the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colors.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come;' our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie

11. Dr. Johnson thought that we should read,—"where there is *a vantage* to be *gone,*"—that is, when there is an opportunity to be gone, all ranks desert him. We might perhaps read,—"where there is advantage to be *gain'd*";—and the sense would be nearly similar, with less violence to the text of the old copy.—H. N. H.

18. Evidently meaning, when we have a king that will rule by law we shall know both our rights and our duties. We make this note simply because Mason and Singer have vented an unworthy sneer, not indeed at the Poet, but at the brave old warrior for speaking thus.—H. N. H.

Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.
[*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears: 9
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;

6. *"dareful";* defiantly.—C. H. H.

17. Lady Macbeth's dying thus before her husband has been justly remarked upon as a most judicious point in the drama. It touches Macbeth in the only spot where he seems to retain the feelings of a man, and draws from him some deeply-solemn, soothing, elegiac tones; so that one rises from the contemplation of his awful history "a sadder and a wiser man." A critic in the *Edinburgh Review* is almost eloquent upon these closing passages: "Macbeth, left alone, resumes much of that connection with humanity which he had so long abandoned: his thoughtfulness becomes pathetic; and when at last he dies the death of a soldier, the stern satisfaction, with which we contemplate the act of justice that destroys him, is unalloyed by feelings of personal wrath or hatred. His fall is a sacrifice, and not a butchery."—H. N. H.

There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, 20
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord, 30
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

21. *"the last syllable of recorded time"* seems to signify the utmost period fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life.—H. N. H.

23. *"dusty death"*; death brings back "dust to dust."—C. H. H.

28. Coleridge is eloquent upon this: "Alas for Macbeth! Now all is inward with him; he has no more prudential prospective reasonings. His wife, the only being who could have had any seat in his affections, dies: he puts on despondency, the final heart-armor of the wretched, and would fain think every thing shadowy and unsubstantial; as indeed all things are to those who cannot regard them as symbols of goodness."—H. N. H.

35. Here most modern editions insert a stage-direction, "[*Striking*

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive, 39
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone. 50
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.
[*Exeunt.*

him.]" There is none such in the old copies, and Mr. Kemble has shown ample reason why there should be none. "Such outrageous violence," says he, "does not belong to the feelings of a person overwhelmed with surprise, half doubting, half believing an event, at once in nature most strange, and to himself of the most fatal importance."—H. N. H.

42. *"I pull in"*; Johnson thought this should read,—"I *pall* in resolution," that is, *flag;* but Mason has brought from Fletcher a passage showing that *pull* is probably right: "All my spirits, as if they had heard my passing bell go for me, *pull in their powers,* and give me up to destiny."—H. N. H.

Scene VI

Dunsinane. Before the castle.

Drum and colors. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. 10

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What 's he

2. *"bear-like";* this was a phrase at bear-baiting. "Also you shall

That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name 's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword 10
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born.
[*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms

see two ten-dog *courses* at the great bear" (*Antipodes*, by Brome).—H. N. H.

Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be; 20
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited: let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle 's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Scene VIII

Another part of the field.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

22. *"bruited"* is *reported, noised* abroad; from *bruit,* Fr.—H. N. H.
24. *"gently render'd";* surrendered without resistance.—C. H. H.
1. Alluding probably to the suicide of Cato of Utica.—H. N. H.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words:
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou losest labor:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed: 10
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense; 20

7. *"my voice is in my sword"*; thus Casca, in *Julius Cæsar:* "Speak, hands, for me."—H. N. H.

9. *"intrenchant"*; the air which cannot be cut. So in *Hamlet:* "For it is as the air invulnerable."—H. N. H.

12. *"I bear a charmed life"*; in the days of chivalry, the champion's arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit. To this likewise Posthumus alludes in *Cymbeline,* Act v.: "I, in mine own woe *charm'd,* could not find death."—H. N. H.

20. *"palter"*; equivocate.—C. H. H.

That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I 'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse. 29
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'

[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colors, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

34. *"Hold, enough"*; to cry *hold!* was the word of yielding, that is, when one of the combatants cries so. To cry *hold!* when persons were fighting, was an authoritative way of separating them, according to the old military laws. This is shown by a passage in Bellay's *Instructions for the Wars,* declaring it to be a capital offense "Whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold,* to the intent to part them." This illustrates the passage in Act i. sc. 5, of this play: "Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark *to cry Hold! hold!*"—H. N. H.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man; 40
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Ross. Aye, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Aye, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He 's worth more sorrow, 50
And that I 'll spend for him.
Siw. He 's worth no more:
They say he parted well and paid his score:
And so God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

49. The same incident is related in Camden's *Remains,* from Henry of Huntingdon: "When Siward, the martial Earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, 'in the fore part,' he replied, *'I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine.'*"—H. N. H.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!
[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time 60
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named. What 's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else 71
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

56. *"thy kingdom's pearl";* the flower of thy nobles.—C. H. H.

63. *"Henceforth be earls";* "Malcolm, immediately after his coronation, called a parliament at Forfair; in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth. Manie of them that were before *thanes* were at this time made *earles;* as Fife, Menteith, Atholl, Lennox, Murrey, Caithness, Rosse, and Angus" (Holinshed).—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A one, a man; (Theobald from Davenant, *"a Thane"*; Grant White, *"a man"*); III. iv. 131.

Absolute, positive; III. vi. 40.

Abuse, deceive; II. i. 50.

Acheron, the river of the infernal regions; III. v. 15.

Adder's fork, the forked tongue of the adder; IV. i. 16.

Addition, title; I. iii. 106.

Address'd them, prepared themselves; II. ii. 24.

Adhere, were in accordance; I. vii. 52.

Admired, wondrous-strange; III. iv. 110.

Advise, instruct; III. i. 129.

Afeard, afraid; I. iii. 96.

Affection, disposition; IV. iii. 77.

Affeer'd, confirmed; IV. iii. 34.

Alarm, call to arms; V. ii. 4.

Alarum'd, alarmed; II. i. 53.

All, any; III. ii. 11.

——; "and all to all," *i. e.* and we all (drink) to all; III. iv. 92.

All-thing, in every way; III. i. 13.

A-making, in course of progress; III. iv. 34.

Angel, genius, demon; V. viii. 14.

Angerly, angrily; III. v. 1.

Annoyance, hurt, harm; V. i. 84.

Anon, immediately; I. i. 10.

Anon, anon, "coming, coming"; the general answer of waiters; II. iii. 25.

An't, if it; (Ff., *"and 't"*); III. vi. 19.

Antic, grotesque, old-fashioned; IV. i. 130.

Anticipatest, dost prevent; IV. i. 144.

Apace, quickly; III. iii. 6.

Apply, be devoted; III. ii. 30.

Approve, prove; I. vi. 4.

Argument, subject, theme; II. iii. 131.

Arm'd, encased in armor; III. iv. 101.

Aroint thee, begone; I. iii. 6.

Artificial, made by art; III. v. 27.

As, as if; II. iv. 18.

Assay; "the great a. of art," the greatest effort of skill; IV. iii. 143.

Attend, await; III. ii. 3.

Augures, auguries; (?) augurs; III. iv. 124.

Authorized by, given on the authority of; III. iv. 66.

Avouch, assert; III. i. 120.

Baby of a girl, (?) girl's doll; according to others, "feeble child of an immature mother"; III. iv. 106.

Badged, smeared, marked (as with a badge); II. iii. 112.

BANE, evil, harm; V. iii. 59.
BATTLE, division of an army; V. vi. 4.
BEGUILE, deceive; I. v. 65.
BELLONA, the goddess of war; I. ii. 54.
BEND UP, strain; I. vii. 79.
BENISON, blessing; II. iv. 40.
BENT, determined; III. iv. 134.
BEST, good, suitable; III. iv. 5.
BESTOW'D, staying; III. i. 30.
BESTOWS HIMSELF, has settled; III. vi. 24.
BESTRIDE, stand over in posture of defense; IV. iii. 4.
BIDES, lies; III. iv. 26.
BILL, catalogue; III. i. 100.
BIRNAM, a high hill twelve miles from Dunsinane; IV. i. 93.
BIRTHDOM, land of our birth, mother-country; IV. iii. 4.
BLADED; "b. corn," corn in the blade, when the ear is still green; IV. i. 55.
BLIND-WORM, glow-worm; IV. i. 16.
BLOOD-BOLTER'D, locks matted into hard clotted blood; IV. i. 123.
BLOW, blow upon; I. iii. 15.
BODEMENTS, forebodings; IV. i. 96.
BOOT; "to b.", in addition; IV. iii. 37.
BORNE, conducted, managed; III. vi. 3.
BORNE IN HAND, kept up by false hopes; III. i. 81.
BOSOM, close and intimate; I. ii. 64.
BRAINSICKLY, madly; II. ii. 46.
BREAK, disclose; I. vii. 48.
BREECH'D, "having the very hilt, or breech, covered with blood"; (according to some "covered as with breeches"); II. iii. 127.
BREED, family, parentage; IV. iii. 108.
BRINDED, brindled, streaked; IV. i. 1.
BRING, conduct; II. iii. 57.
BROAD, plain-spoken; III. vi. 21.
BROIL, battle; I. ii. 6.
BROKE OPE, broken open; II. iii. 77.
BUT, only; I. vii. 6.
BY, past; IV. i. 137.
BY THE WAY, casually; III. iv. 130.

CABIN'D, confined; III. iv. 24.
CAPTAINS, trisyllabic; (S. Walker conj. *"captains twain"*); I. ii. 34.
CARELESS, uncared for; I. iv. 11.
CASING, encompassing, all surrounding; III. iv. 23.
'CAUSE, because; III. vi. 21.
CENSURES, opinion; V. iv. 14.
CHAMPION ME, fight in single combat with me; III. i. 72.
CHANCED, happened, taken place; I. iii. 153.
CHAPS, jaws, mouth; I. ii. 22.
CHARGE; "in an imperial c.", in executing a royal command; IV. iii. 20.
CHARGED, burdened, oppressed; V. i. 60.
CHAUDRON, entrails; IV. i. 33.
CHILDREN (trisyllabic); IV. iii. 177.
CHOKE THEIR ART, render their skill useless; I. ii. 9.
CHUCK, a term of endearment; III. ii. 45.
CLEAR, serenely; I. v. 73.
——, innocent, guiltless; I. vii. 18.
——, unstained; II. i. 28.
CLEARNESS, clear from suspicion; III. i. 133.

CLEPT, called; III. i. 94.
CLING, shrivel up; V. v. 40.
CLOSE, join, unite; III. ii. 14.
CLOSE, secret; III. v. 7.
CLOSED, enclosed; III. i. 99.
CLOUDY, sullen, frowning; III. vi. 41.
COCK, cock-crow; "the second c.", *i. e.,* about three o'clock in the morning; II. iii. 29.
COIGN OF VANTAGE, convenient corner; I. vi. 7.
COLD, (?) dissyllabic; IV. i. 6.
COLME-KILL, *i. e.* Icolmkill, the cell of St. Columba; II. iv. 33.
COME, which have come; I. iii. 144.
COMMAND UPON, put your commands upon; III. i. 16.
COMMENDS, commits, offers; I. vii. 11.
COMMISSION; "those in c.", those entrusted with the commission; I. iv. 2.
COMPOSITION, terms of peace; I. ii. 59.
COMPT; "in c.", in account; I. vi. 26.
COMPUNCTIOUS, prickling the conscience; I. v. 47.
CONCLUDED, decided; III. i. 141.
CONFINELESS, boundless, limitless; IV. iii. 55.
CONFOUNDS, destroys, ruins; II. ii. 11.
CONFRONTED, met face to face; I. ii. 55.
CONFUSION, destruction; II. iii. 76.
CONSEQUENCES; *v.* mortal; V. iii. 5.
CONSENT, counsel, proposal; II. i. 25.
CONSTANCY, firmness; II. ii. 68.
CONTEND AGAINST, vie with; I. vi. 16.
CONTENT, satisfaction; III. ii. 5.
CONTINENT, restraining; IV. iii. 64.
CONVERT, change; IV. iii. 229.
CONVEY, "indulge secretly"; IV. iii. 71.
CONVINCE, overpower; I. vii. 64.
CONVINCES, overpowers; IV. iii. 142.
COPY, (?) copyhold, non-permanent tenure; III. ii. 38.
CORPORAL, corporeal; I. iii. 81.
——; "each c. agent," *i. e.* "each faculty of the body"; I. vii. 80.
COUNSELORS; "c. to fear," fear's counselors, *i. e.* "suggest fear"; V. iii. 17.
COUNTENANCE, "be in keeping with"; II. iii. 90.
CRACK OF DOOM, burst of sound, thunder, at the day of doom; IV. i. 117.
CRACKS, charges; I. ii. 37.
CROWN, head; IV. i. 113.

DAINTY OF, particular about; II. iii. 155.
DEAR, deeply felt; V. ii. 3.
DEGREES, degrees of rank; III. iv. 1.
DELIVER THEE, report to thee; I. v. 12.
DELIVERS, communicates to us; III. iii. 2.
DEMI-WOLVES, a cross between dogs and wolves; III. i. 94.
DENIES, refuses; III. iv. 128.
DETRACTION, defamation; "mine own d.", the evil things I have spoken against myself; IV. iii. 123.
DEVIL (monosyllabic); I. iii. 107.
DEW, bedew; V. ii. 30.
DISJOINT, fall to pieces; III. ii. 16.
DISPLACED, banished; III. iv. 109.

Dispute it, fight against it; (?) reason upon it (Schmidt); IV. iii. 220.
Disseat, unseat; V. iii. 21.
Distance, hostility; III. i. 116.
Doff, do off, put off; IV. iii. 188.
Doubt, fear, suspect; IV. ii. 67.
Drink; "my d.," *i. e.* "my *posset*"; II. i. 31.
Drowse, become drowsy; III. ii. 52.
Dudgeon, handle of a dagger; II. i. 46.
Dunnest, darkest; I. v. 53.

Earnest, pledge, money paid beforehand; I. iii. 104.
Easy, easily; II. iii. 148.
Ecstasy, any state of being beside one's self, violent emotion; III. ii. 22.
Effects, acts, actions; V. i. 11.
Egg, term of contempt; IV. ii. 83.
Eminence, distinction; III. ii. 31.
England, the King of England; IV. iii. 43.
Enkindle, incite; I. iii. 121.
Enow, enough; II. iii. 7.
Entrance, (trisyllabic); I. v. 41.
Equivocate to heaven, get to heaven by equivocation; II. iii. 13.
Equivocator, (probably alluding to Jesuitical equivocation; Garnet, the superior of the order was on his trial in March, 1606); II. iii. 10.
Estate, royal dignity, succession to the crown; I. iv. 37.
Eternal jewel, immortal soul; III. i. 68.
Eterne, perpetual; III. ii. 38.
Evil, king's evil, scrofula; IV. iii. 146.
Exasperate, exasperated; III. vi. 38.
Expectation, those guests who are expected; III. iii. 10.
Expedition, haste; II. iii. 121.
Extend, prolong; III. iv. 57.

Fact, act, deed; III. vi. 10.
Faculties, powers, prerogatives; I. vii. 17.
Fain, gladly; V. iii. 28.
Fantastical, imaginary; I. iii. 53; I. iii. 139.
Farrow, litter of pigs; IV. i. 65.
Favor, pardon; I. iii. 149.
——, countenance, face; I. v. 74.
Fears, objects of fear; I. iii. 137.
Feed, "to f.", feeding; III. iv. 35.
Fee-grief, "grief that hath a single owner"; IV. iii. 196.
Fell, scalp; V. v. 11.
——, cruel, dire; IV. ii. 71.
Fellow, equal; II. iii. 73.
File, list; V. ii. 8.
——; "the valued f.", list of qualities; III. i. 95.
Filed, made foul, defiled; III. i. 65.
First; "at f. and last," (?) once for all, from the beginning to the end; (Johnson conj. *"to f. and next"*); III. iv. 1.
Fits, caprices; IV. ii. 17.
Flaws, storms of passion; III. iv. 63.
Flighty, fleeting; IV. i. 145.
Flout, mock, defy; I. ii. 49.
Fly, fly from me; V. iii. 1.
Foisons, plenty, rich harvests; IV. iii. 88.
Follows, attends; I. vi. 11.
For, because of; III. i. 121.
——, as for, as regards; IV. ii. 15.
Forbid, cursed, blasted; I. iii. 21.
Forced, strengthened; V. v. 5.

FORGE, fabricate, invent; IV. iii. 82.
FORSWORN, perjured; IV. iii. 126.
FOUNDED, firmly fixed; III. iv. 22.
FRAME OF THINGS, universe; III. ii. 16.
FRANCHISED, free, unstained; II. i. 28.
FREE, freely; I. iii. 155.
——, honorable; III. vi. 36.
——, remove, do away; (Steevens conj. *"Fright"* or *"Fray"*; Bailey conj., adopted by Hudson, *"Keep"*; Kinnear conj. *"Rid"*); III. vi. 35.
FRENCH HOSE, probably a reference to the narrow, straight hose, in contradistinction to the round, wide hose; II. iii. 17.
FRIGHT, frighten, terrify; IV. ii. 70.
FROM, differently from; III. i. 100.
——, in consequence of, on account of; III. vi. 21.
FRY, literally a swarm of young fishes; here used as a term of contempt; IV. ii. 84.
FUNCTION, power of action; I. iii. 140.
FURBISH'D, burnished; I. ii. 32.

GALLOWGLASSES, heavy-armed Irish troops; (F. 1, *"Gallowgrosses"*); I. ii. 13.
GENIUS, spirit of good or ill; III. i. 56.
GENTLE SENSES, senses which are soothed (by the "gentle" air); (Warburton, *"general sense"*; Johnson conj., adopted by Capell, *"gentle sense"*); I. vi. 3.
GERMINS, germs, seeds; IV. i. 59.
GET, beget; I. iii. 67.
GIN, a trap to catch birds; IV. ii. 35.
'GINS, begins; I. ii. 25.
GIVES OUT, proclaims; IV. iii. 192.
GOD 'ILD US, corruption of *"God yield us"*; (Ff., *"God-eyld us"*); I. vi. 13.
GOLGOTHA, *i. e.* "the place of a skull" (*cp.* Mark xv. 22); I. ii. 40.
GOOD, brave; IV. iii. 3.
GOODNESS; "the chance of g.", "the chance of success"; IV. iii. 136.
GOOSE, a tailor's smoothing iron; II. iii. 19.
GOSPELL'D, imbued with Gospel teaching; III. i. 88.
GO TO, GO TO, an exclamation of reproach; V. i. 51.
GOUTS, drops; II. i. 46.
GRACED, gracious, full of graces; III. iv. 41.
GRANDAM, grandmother; III. iv. 66.
GRAVE, weighty; III. i. 22.
GRAYMALKIN, a gray cat, (the familiar spirit of the First Witch; *"malkin"* diminutive of "Mary"); I. i. 9.
GRIPE, grasp; III. i. 62.
GROOMS, servants of any kind; II. ii. 5.
GULF, gullet; IV. i. 23.

HAIL (dissyllabic); I. ii. 5.
HARBINGER, forerunner, an officer of the king's household; I. iv. 45.
HARDLY, with difficulty; V. iii. 62.
HARMS, injuries; "my h.", injuries inflicted by me; IV. iii. 55.
HARP'D, hit, touched; IV. i. 74.

HARPIER, probably a corruption of *Harpy;* IV. i. 3.
HAVING, possessions; I. iii. 56.
HEAR, talk with; III. iv. 32.
HEART; "any h.", the heart of any man; III. vi. 15.
HEAVILY, sadly; IV. iii. 182.
HECATE, the goddess of hell; (one of the names of Artemis-Diana, as goddess of the infernal regions); II. i. 52.
HEDGE-PIG, hedge-hog; IV. i. 2.
HERMITS, beadsmen; men bound to pray for their benefactors; (F. 1, *"Ermites"*); I. vi. 20.
HIE THEE, hasten; I. v. 27.
HIS, this man's; IV. iii. 80.
HOLDS, withholds; III. vi. 25.
HOLP, helped; I. vi. 23.
HOME, thoroughly, completely; I. iii. 120.
HOMELY, humble; IV. ii. 68.
HOODWINK, blind; IV. iii. 72.
HORSES (monosyllabic); II. iv. 14.
HOUSEKEEPER, watch dog; III. i. 97.
HOWLET'S, owlet's; IV. i. 17.
HOW SAY'ST THOU, what do you think!; III. iv. 128.
HUMANE, human; III. iv. 76.
HURLYBURLY, tumult, uproar; I. i. 3.
HUSBANDRY, economy; II. i. 4.
HYRCAN TIGER, *i. e.* tiger of Hyrcania, a district south of the Caspian; III. iv. 101.

IGNORANT, *i. e.* of future events; I. v. 59.
ILL-COMPOSED, compounded of evil qualities; IV. iii. 77.
ILLNESS, evil; I. v. 22.
IMPRESS, force into his service; IV. i. 95.
IN, under the weight of; IV. iii. 20.
INCARNADINE, make red; II. ii. 62.
INFORMS, takes visible form; II. i. 48.
INITIATE; "the i. fear," "the fear that attends, *i. e.* the first initiation (into guilt)"; III. iv. 143.
INSANE; "the i. root," the root which causes insanity; I. iii. 84.
INSTANT, present moment; I. v. 60.
INTERDICTION, exclusion; IV. iii. 107.
INTERMISSION, delay; IV. iii. 232.
INTRENCHANT, indivisible; V. viii. 9.

JEALOUSIES, suspicions; IV. iii. 29.
JUMP, hazard, risk; I. vii. 7.
JUST, exactly; III. iii. 4.
JUTTY, jetty, projection; I. vi. 6.

KERNS, light-armed Irish troops; I. ii. 13.
KNOWINGS, knowledge, experiences; II. iv. 4.
KNOWLEDGE; "the k.", what you know; (Collier MS. and Walker conj. *"thy k."*); I. ii. 6.

LACK, want, requirement; IV. iii. 237.
LACK, miss; III. iv. 84.
LAPP'D, wrapped; I. ii. 54.
LARGE, liberal, unrestrained; III. iv. 11.
LATCH, catch; IV. iii. 195.
LATED, belated; III. iii. 6.
LAVE, keep clear and unsullied; III. ii. 33.
LAVISH, unrestrained, insolent; I. ii. 57.

LAY, did lodge; II. iii. 64.
LEASE OF NATURE, term of natural life; IV. i. 99.
LEAVE, leave off; III. ii. 35.
LEFT UNATTENDED, forsaken, deserted; II. ii. 69.
LESSER, less; V. ii. 13.
LIES; "swears and l.", *i. e.* "swears allegiance and commits perjury"; (*cp.* IV. ii. 51 for the literal sense of the phrase); IV. ii. 47.
LIGHTED, descended; II. iii. 153.
LIKE, same; II. i. 30.
——, likely; II. iv. 29.
——, equal, the same; IV. iii. 8.
LILY-LIVER'D, cowardly; V. iii. 15.
LIMBEC, alembic, still; I. vii. 67.
LIME, bird-lime; IV. ii. 34.
LIMITED, appointed; II. iii. 62.
LINE, strengthen; I. iii. 112.
LIST, lists, place marked out for a combat; III. i. 71.
LISTENING, listening to; II. ii. 28.
LO; "lo you," *i. e.* look you; V. i. 22.
LODGED, laid, thrown down; IV. i. 55.
LOOK, expect; V. iii. 26.
LOON, brute; V. iii. 11.
LUXURIOUS, lustful; IV. iii. 58.

MAGGOT-PIES, magpies; III. iv. 125.
MANSIONRY, abode; I. vi. 5.
MARK, take heed, listen; I. ii. 28.
——, notice; V. i. 46.
MARRY, a corruption of the Virgin Mary; a slight oath; III. vi. 4.
MATED, bewildered; V. i. 86.
MAWS, stomachs; III. iv. 73.
MAY I, I hope I may; III. iv. 42.
MEDICINE, "physician"; (?) physic; V. ii. 27.
MEEK, meekly; I. vii. 17.
MEMORIZE, make memorable, make famous; I. ii. 40.
MERE, absolutely; IV. iii. 89.
MERE, utter, absolute; IV. iii. 152.
METAPHYSICAL, supernatural; I. v. 31.
MINION, darling, favorite; I. ii. 19; II. iv. 15.
MINUTELY, "happening every minute, continual"; V. ii. 18.
MISSIVES, messengers; I. v. 7.
MISTRUST; "he needs not our m.", *i. e.* we need not mistrust him; III. iii. 2.
MOCKERY, delusive imitation; III. iv. 107.
MODERN, ordinary; IV. iii. 170.
MOE, more; V. iii. 35.
MONSTROUS (trisyllabic); III. vi. 8.
MORTAL, deadly, murderous; I. v. 43.
——, "m. murders," deadly wounds; III. iv. 81.
——, "m. consequences," what befalls man in the course of time; V. iii. 5.
MORTALITY, mortal life; II. iii. 103.
MORTIFIED, dead, insensible; V. ii. 5.
MOUNCH'D, chewed with closed lips; I. iii. 5.
MUSE, wonder; III. iv. 85.
MUST BE, was destined to be; IV. iii. 212.

NAPKINS, handkerchiefs; II. iii. 7.
NATURE; "nature's mischief," man's evil propensities; I. v. 52.
——; "in n.", in their whole nature; II. iv. 16.
NAUGHT, vile thing; IV. iii. 225.

NAVE, navel, middle; (Warburton *"nape"*); I. ii. 22.
NEAR, nearer; II. iii. 152.
NEAR'ST OF LIFE, inmost life, most vital parts; III. i. 118.
NICE, precise, minute; IV. iii. 174.
NIGHTGOWN, dressing gown; II. ii. 70.
NOISE, music; IV. i. 106.
NORWAYS', Norwegians'; I. ii. 59.
NORWEYAN, Norwegian; I. ii. 31.
NOTE, notoriety; III. ii. 44.
——, list; III. iii. 10.
——, notice; III. iv. 56.
NOTHING, not at all; I. iii. 96.
——, nobody; IV. iii. 166.
NOTION, apprehension; III. i. 83.

OBLIVIOUS, causing forgetfulness; V. iii. 43.
OBSCURE; "o. bird," *i. e.* the bird delighting in darkness, the owl; II. iii. 69.
ODDS; "at o.", at variance; III. iv. 127.
O'ERFRAUGHT, overcharged, overloaded; IV. iii. 210.
OF, from; IV. i. 81.
——, with; (Hanmer, *"with"*); I. ii. 13.
——, over; I. iii. 33.
——, by; III. vi. 4; III. vi. 27.
——, for; IV. iii. 95.
OFFICES, duty, employment; III. iii. 3.
——, *i. e.* domestic offices, servants' quarters; II. i. 14.
OLD (used colloquially); II. iii. 2.
ON, of; I. iii. 84.
ONCE, ever; IV. iii. 167.
ONE, wholly, uniformly; II. ii. 63.
ON'S, of his; V. i. 70.
ON'T, of it; III. i. 114.
OPEN'D, unfolded; IV. iii. 52.
OR ERE, before; IV. iii. 173.
OTHER, others; I. iii. 14.
——, "the o.", *i. e.* the other side; I. vii. 28.
——, otherwise; I. vii. 77.
OTHER'S, other man's; IV. iii. 80.
OURSELVES, one another; III. iv. 32.
OUT, *i. e.* in the field; IV. iii. 183.
OUTRUN, did outrun; (Johnson, *"outran"*); II. iii. 122.
OVERCOME, overshadow; III. iv. 111.
OVER-RED, redden over; V. iii. 14.
OWE, own, possess; I. iii. 76.
OWED, owned; I. iv. 10.

PADDOCK, toad (the familiar spirit of the second witch); I. i. 10.
PALL, wrap, envelop; I. v. 53.
PASSION, strong emotion; III. iv. 57.
PATCH, fool (supposed to be derived from the patched or motley coat of the jester); V. iii. 15.
PEAK, dwindle away; I. iii. 23.
PENT-HOUSE LID, *i. e.* eye-lids; I. iii. 20.
PERFECT, well, perfectly acquainted; IV. ii. 66.
PESTER'D, troubled; V. ii. 23.
PLACE, "pitch, the highest elevation of a hawk"; a term of falconry; II. iv. 12.
POINT; "at a p.", "prepared for any emergency"; IV. iii. 135.
POOR, feeble; III. ii. 14.
POORLY, dejectedly, unworthily; II. ii. 72.
PORTABLE, endurable; IV. iii. 89.
POSSESS, fill; IV. iii. 202.
POSSETS, drink; "posset is hot milk poured on ale or sack,

having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd"; (Randle Holmes' *Academy of Armourie,* 1688); II. ii. 6.

Posters, speedy travelers; I. iii. 33.

Power, armed force, army; IV. iii. 185.

Predominance, superior power, influence; an astrological term; II. iv. 8.

Present, present time; I. v. 59.

——, instant, immediate; I. ii. 64.

——, offer; III. ii. 31.

Presently, immediately; IV. iii. 145.

Pretense, purpose, intention; II. iii. 142.

Pretend, intend; II. iv. 24.

Probation; "passed in p. with you," proved, passing them in detail, one by one; III. i. 80.

Profound, "having deep or hidden qualities" (Johnson); (?) "deep, and therefore ready to fall" (Clar. Pr.); III. v. 24.

Proof, proved armor; I. ii. 54.

Proper, fine, excellent (used ironically); III. iv. 60.

Protest, show publicly, proclaim; V. ii. 11.

Purged, cleansed; III. iv. 76.

Purveyor, an officer of the king sent before to provide food for the King and his retinue, as the *harbinger* provided lodging; I. vi. 22.

Push, attack, onset; V. iii. 20.

Put on, set on, (?) set to work; IV. iii. 239.

Put upon, falsely attribute; I. vii. 70.

Quarry, a heap of slaughtered game; IV. iii. 206.

Quell, murder; I. vii. 72.

Quiet; "at q.", in quiet, at peace; II. iii. 20.

Ravel'd, tangled; II. ii. 37.

Ravin'd, ravenous; IV. i. 24.

Ravin up, devour greedily; II. iv. 28.

Rawness, hurry; IV. iii. 26.

Readiness; "manly r.", complete clothing (opposed to "naked frailties"); II. iii. 144.

Receipt, receptacle; I. vii. 66.

Received, believed; I. vii. 74.

Recoil, swerve; IV. iii. 19.

——; "to r.", for recoiling; V. ii. 23.

Relation, narrative; IV. iii. 173.

Relations, "the connection of effects with causes"; III. iv. 124.

Relish, smack; IV. iii. 95.

Remembrance, quadrisyllabic; III. ii. 30.

Remembrancer, reminder; III. iv. 37.

Remorse, pity; I. v. 46.

Require, ask her to give; III. iv. 6.

Resolve yourselves, decide, make up your minds; III. i. 138.

Rest, remain; I. vi. 20.

——, give rest; IV. iii. 227.

Return, give back; I. vi. 28.

Ronyon, a term of contempt; I. iii. 6.

Roof'd, gathered under one roof; III. iv. 40.

Rooky, gloomy, foggy; (Jennens, *"rocky"*); III. ii. 51.

Round, circlet, crown; I. v. 30.

——; "r. and top of sovereignty," *i. e.* "the crown, the top or

summit of sovereign power"; IV. i. 87.

——, dance in a circle; IV. i. 130.

RUBS, hindrances, impediments; III. i. 134.

RUMP-FED, well-fed, pampered; I. iii. 6.

SAFE TOWARD, with a sure regard to; I. iv. 27.

SAG, droop, sink; V. iii. 10.

SAINT COLME'S INCH, the island of Columba, now Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth; I. ii. 61.

SAUCY, insolent, importunate; (?) pungent, sharp, gnawing (Koppel); III. iv. 25.

SAY TO, tell; I. ii. 6.

'SCAPED, escaped; III. iv. 20.

SCARF UP, blindfold; III. ii. 47.

SCONE, the ancient coronation place of the kings of Scotland; II. iv. 31.

SCOTCH'D, "cut with shallow incisions" (Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"scorch'd"*); III. ii. 13.

SEASON, seasoning; III. iv. 141.

SEAT, situation; I. vi. 1.

SEATED, fixed firmly; I. iii. 136.

SECURITY, confidence, consciousness of security, carelessness; III. v. 32.

SEELING, blinding (originally a term of falconry); III. ii. 46.

SEEMS; "that s. to speak things strange," *i. e.* "whose appearance corresponds with the strangeness of his message" (Clar. Pr.); (Johnson conj. *"teems"*; Collier MS., *"comes,"* etc.); I. ii. 47.

SELF-ABUSE, self-delusion; III. iv. 142.

SELF-COMPARISONS, measuring himself with the other; I. ii. 55.

SELFSAME, very same; I. iii. 88.

SENNET, a set of notes on trumpet or cornet; III. i. 10–11.

SE'NNIGHTS, seven nights, weeks; I. iii. 22.

SENSIBLE, perceptible, tangible; II. i. 36.

SERGEANT (trisyllabic); I. ii. 3.

SET FORTH, showed; I. iv. 6.

SETTLED, determined; I. vii. 79.

SEWER, one who tasted each dish to prove there was no poison in it; I. vii. (direct.).

SHAG-EAR'D, having hairy ears; (Steevens conj., adopted by Singer (ed. 2) and Hudson, *"shag-hair'd"*); IV. ii. 83.

SHALL, will; II. i. 29.

——, I shall; IV. ii. 23.

SHAME, am ashamed; II. ii. 64.

SHARD-BORNE, borne by scaly wingcases; (Davenant, *"sharp-brow'd"*; Daniel conj. *"sharn-bode"*; Upton conj. *"sharn-born"*); III. ii. 42.

SHIFT, steal, quietly get; II. iii. 156.

SHIPMAN'S CARD, the card of the compass; I. iii. 17.

SHOUGH, a kind of shaggy dog; (Ff., *"Showghes"*; Capell, *"shocks"*); III. i. 94.

SHOULD BE, appear to be; I. iii. 45.

SHOW, dumb-show; IV. i. 111–112.

——, appear; I. iii. 54.

SHUT UP, enclosed, enveloped; II. i. 16.

SICKEN, be surfeited; IV. i. 60.

SIGHTLESS, invisible; I. vii. 23.

SIGHTS; Collier MS. and Singer MS. *"flights"*; Grant White *"sprites"*; IV. i. 155.

SINEL, Macbeth's father, according to Holinshed; I. iii. 71.
SINGLE, individual; I. iii. 140.
——, simple, small; I. vi. 16.
SIRRAH, used in addressing an inferior; here used playfully; IV. ii. 30.
SKIRR, scour; V. iii. 35.
SLAB, thick, glutinous; IV. i. 32.
SLEAVE, sleave-silk, floss silk; II. ii. 37.
SLEEK O'ER, smooth; III. ii. 27.
SLEIGHTS, feats of dexterity; III. v. 26.
SLIPP'D, let slip; II. iii. 57.
SLIVER'D, slipped off; IV. i. 28.
SMACK, have the taste, savor; I. ii. 44.
So, like grace, gracious; IV. iii. 24.
So WELL, as well; I. ii. 43.
SOLE, alone, mere; IV. iii. 12.
SOLEMN, ceremonious, formal; III. i. 14.
SOLICITING, inciting; I. iii. 130.
SOLICITS, entreats, moves by prayer; IV. iii. 149.
SOMETHING, some distance; III. i. 132.
SOMETIME, sometimes; I. vi. 11.
SORELY, heavily; V. i. 59.
SORRIEST, saddest; III. ii. 9.
SORRY, sad; II. ii. 20.
SPEAK, bespeak, proclaim; IV. iii. 159.
SPECULATION, intelligence; III. iv. 95.
SPEED; "had the s. of him," has outstripped him; I. v. 37.
SPONGY, imbibing like a sponge; I. vii. 71.
SPRING, source; I. ii. 27.
SPRITES, spirits; IV. i. 127.
SPY, *v.* Note; III. i. 130.
STABLENESS, constancy; IV. iii. 92.
STAFF, lance; V. iii. 48.
STAMP, stamped coin; IV. iii. 153.
STANCHLESS, insatiable; IV. iii. 78.
STAND, remain; III. i. 4.
STAND NOT UPON, do not be particular about; III. iv. 119.
STATE, chair of State; III. iv. 5.
STATE OF HONOR, noble rank, condition; IV. ii. 66.
STAY, wait for; IV. iii. 142.
STAYS, waits; III. v. 35.
STICKING-PLACE, *i. e.* "the place in which the peg of a stringed instrument remains fast; the proper degree of tension"; I. vii. 60.
STIR, stirring, moving; I. iii. 144.
STOREHOUSE, place of burial; II. iv. 34.
STRANGE, new; I. iii. 145.
——; "s. and self-abuse," *i. e.* (?) "my abuse of others and myself"; III. iv. 142.
STRANGELY-VISITED, afflicted with strange diseases; IV. iii. 150.
STUFF'D, crammed, full to bursting; V. iii. 44.
SUBSTANCES, forms; I. v. 51.
SUDDEN, violent; IV. iii. 59.
SUFFER, perish; III. ii. 16.
SUFFERING; "our s. country," *i. e.* our country suffering; III. vi. 48.
SUGGESTION, temptation, incitement; I. iii. 134.
SUMMER-SEEMING, "appearing like summer; seeming to be the effect of a transitory and short-lived heat of the blood" (Schmidt); (Warburton, *"summer-teeming"*; Johnson, *"fume, or seething,"* &c.); IV. iii. 86.
SUNDRY, various; IV. iii. 48.

SURCEASE, cessation; I. vii. 4.
SURVEYING, noticing, perceiving; I. ii. 31.
SWAY BY, am directed by; V. iii. 9.
SWEARS, swears allegiance; IV. ii. 47.

TAINT, be infected; V. iii. 3.
TAKING-OFF, murder, death; I. vii. 20.
TEEMS, teems with; IV. iii. 176.
TEMPERANCE, moderation, self-restraint; IV. iii. 92.
TENDING, tendance, attendance; I. v. 39.
TEND ON, wait on; I. v. 43.
THAT, so that; I. ii. 58.
——; "to th.", to that end, for that purpose; I. ii. 10.
THEREWITHAL, therewith; III. i. 34.
THIRST, desire to drink; III. iv. 91.
THOUGHT; "upon a th.", in as small an interval as one can think a thought; III. iv. 55.
——, being borne in mind; III. i. 132.
THRALLS, slaves, bondmen; III. vi. 13.
THREAT, threaten; II. i. 60.
TILL THAT, till; I. ii. 54.
TIMELY, betimes, early; II. iii. 56.
——, "to gain the t. inn," opportune; III. iii. 7.
TITLES, possessions; IV. ii. 7.
TO, in addition to; I. vi. 19.
——, according to; III. iii. 4.
——, compared to; III. iv. 64.
——, for, as; IV. iii. 10.
——, linked with, "prisoner to"; III. iv. 25.
TOP, overtop, surpass; IV. iii. 57.
TOP-FULL, full to the top, brimful; I. v. 44.
TOUCH, affection, feeling; IV. ii. 9.
TOUCH'D, injured, hurt; IV. iii. 14.
TOWERING, turning about, soaring, flying high (a term of falconry); II. iv. 12.
TRACE, follow; IV. i. 153.
TRAINS, artifices, devices; IV. iii. 118.
TRAMMEL UP, entangle as in a net; I. vii. 3.
TRANSPORT, convey; IV. iii. 181.
TRANSPOSE, change; IV. iii. 21.
TREBLE SCEPTERS, symbolical of the three kingdoms—England, Scotland, and Ireland; IV. i. 121.
TRIFLED, made trifling, made to sink into insignificance; II. iv. 4.
TUGG'D; "t. with fortune," pulled about in wrestling with fortune; III. i. 112.
TWO-FOLD BALLS, probably referring to the double coronation of James, at Scone and Westminster (Clar. Pr.); according to others the reference is to the union of the two islands; IV. i. 121.
TYRANNY, usurpation; IV. iii. 67.
TYRANT, usurper; III. vi. 22.

UNFIX, make to stand on end; I. iii. 135.
UNROUGH, beardless; V. ii. 10.
UNSPEAK, recall, withdraw; IV. iii. 123.
UNTITLED, having no title or claim; IV. iii. 104.
UNTO, to; I. iii. 121.
UPON, to; III. vi. 30.
UPROAR, "stir up to tumult"

(Schmidt); (Ff. 1, 2, *"uprore"*; Keightley, *"Uproot"*); IV. iii. 99.

USE, experience; III. iv. 143.

USING, cherishing, entertaining; III. ii. 10.

UTTERANCE; "to the u.", *i. e. à outrance* = to the uttermost; III. i. 72.

VANTAGE, opportunity; I. ii. 31.

VERITY, truthfulness; IV. iii. 92.

VISARDS, masks; III. ii. 34.

VOUCH'D, assured, warranted; III. iv. 34.

WANT; "cannot w.", can help; III. vi. 8.

WARRANTED, justified; IV. iii. 137.

WASSAIL, revelry; I. vii. 64.

WATCHING, waking; V. i. 12.

WATER-RUG, a kind of poodle; III. i. 94.

WHAT, who; IV. iii. 49.

WHAT IS, *i. e.* what is the time of; III. iv. 126.

WHEN 'TIS, *i. e.* "when the matter is effected"; II. i. 25.

WHETHER (monosyllabic); I. iii. 111.

WHICH, who; V. i. 66.

WHILE THEN, till then; III. i. 44.

WHISPERS, whispers to; IV. iii. 210.

WHOLESOME, healthy; IV. iii. 105.

WITH, against; IV. iii. 90.

——, by; III. i. 63.

——, on; IV. ii. 32.

WITHOUT, outside; III. iv. 14.

——, beyond; III. ii. 11, 12.

WITNESS, testimony, evidence; II. ii. 47.

WORM, small serpent; III. iv. 29.

WOULD, should; I. vii. 34.

WROUGHT, agitated; I. iii. 149.

YAWNING PEAL, a peal which lulls to sleep; III. ii. 43.

YESTY, foaming; IV. i. 53.

YET, in spite of all, notwithstanding; IV. iii. 69.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What is the historic basis of the action of this drama?

2. What is the dramatic divergence from the *Chronicles* in the portrayal of Macbeth?

3. What social condition characterized the times in which the scene is laid?

4. Trace the development of Macbeth's course of crimes, from step to step. Analyze the impelling causes.

5. Upon what state of mind in Macbeth do the Weird Sisters react? Of what are they the abiding symbol?

6. Had Macbeth legally, according to record, an equal claim to the throne with Duncan? How would such a preliminary situation for him make the Sisters' prophecy naturally take swift hold upon his fancy?

7. What impression is given of Lady Macbeth's nature? Describe her intellectual processes with regard to the crimes to which she is accessory;—the development of her emotional experiences as they are made to appear, because of them.

8. Describe the influence of these two persons, Macbeth and his wife, upon each other, in instigation and reaction.

9. What are the qualities of the drama, and its marked features in respect of movement, color, and the casting of its plan?

10. What is historically said of the government of Duncan? What is the main feature of it brought forward in the drama? Is there a dramatic purpose in this, and, if so, what, especially by contrast with the dramatic portrayal of his cousin, Macbeth?

ACT I

11. For what does the opening of the play prepare us?

12. In scene ii what is the report of Macbeth?

13. With what people were the Scots at war?

14. What is the significance of the effect of the Weird Sisters' prophecy upon Banquo as compared with that it has upon Macbeth?

15. What does Banquo say that might be construed as a warning to Macbeth against dangerous ambitions,—or his own suspicions of their possibility in Macbeth's mind?

16. What do we infer as to the keynote of Macbeth's nature from Lady Macbeth's words upon reading his letter?

17. What gives the effect of fatality to the messenger's news of Duncan's approach, close upon the receipt by Lady Macbeth of her husband's letter?

18. Trace the development of her idea with regard to Duncan.

19. What is the dramatic effect of her manner of meeting with Duncan, in the midst of her treacherous scheming?

20. What is the distinguishing feature of Lady Macbeth's attitude toward the contemplated deed, by contrast with her husband's?

ACT II

21. What is portentous in the opening lines?

22. What may we suppose has been the drift of the "cursed thoughts" Banquo refers to? Does this make it necessary to judge that he has any definite suspicions of Macbeth or only vague ones, that his nature would try to repudiate? Which is most in keeping with Banquo's character as portrayed?

23. Describe scene ii, especially the effect of the noises of the night upon the two guilty ones after the murder has been done, and the effect of the knocking upon the atmosphere and tension of the scene.

24. Comment upon the interlude of the Porter's entrance and soliloquy. Describe its relation to the immediately preceding and succeeding incidents.

25. Why does Lady Macbeth swoon and cry to be taken out?

26. What is the apparent view of Donalbain and Malcolm concerning the murder of their father? What do they do accordingly?

27. Upon whom is suspicion of the deed placed, through their flight?

28. Does the Old Man imply anything significant of the truth of the situation, in any of his lines? What does his introduction serve?

ACT III

29. How do Macbeth and his queen arrange to get Banquo in their power?

30. What do Banquo's opening lines import? Is there any significant contrast between him and Macbeth conveyed through them?

31. How does Macbeth work upon the minds of the hired murderers, to stir them against Banquo?

32. What is Macbeth's reflection upon hearing of the escape of Fleance? In what state of mind does it leave him? How does this serve the development of the theme?

33. Describe the banquet scene, and the effect of the apparition of Banquo upon Macbeth.

34. What is Lady Macbeth's counter action during this scene?

35. Against whom next is Macbeth's suspicion aroused?

36. What does he say to show his means of keeping himself informed for his protection? What does this argue of the state of his mind resultant upon his crimes?

37. What is the import of the talk between Lennox and the other Lord at Forres?

38. What are the Witches to do for Macbeth, at Hecate's instigation?

ACT IV

39. Describe the incantation scene. Its lyrical form. Its dramatic effect.

40. By what oath does Macbeth conjure them to answer his demands? What does this signify of the state of mind at which he has arrived?

41. What apparitions are called up for his benefit, and what are their several utterances?

42. What is the powerful significance in the wish of the Witches to withhold the final vision which Macbeth demands?

43. When he sees it, how does he receive it?

44. What is the reason of Macbeth's regret and fear at hearing of Macduff's flight to England? What crime does he immediately purpose?

45. What is the fate of Lady Macduff and her children?

46. What is the substance of the passage between Malcolm and Macduff in England?

47. Is there any explanation of Malcolm's tirade against himself? If so, what can be its meaning, and what its purpose?

48. Who is the king of England referred to at this time?

49. Whom does Malcolm get to join him in his advance against Macbeth?

50. How does Macduff receive the news of Ross? Describe what is interestingly true to life in the passage.

ACT V

51. Describe the sleep-walking scene. Analyze the technic of Lady Macbeth's lines. What do they convey of her mental state?

52. What does Caithness report of Macbeth in scene ii? How further is he discussed in this scene?

53. How does Macbeth receive the first news of the force that is coming against him?

54. What is reported to him of Lady Macbeth?

55. What order does Malcolm give his men when they reach Birnam wood?

56. What are Macbeth's words on hearing of the Queen's death? What is the dramatic effect of the wail he hears announcing it, as relating to the whole tenor of the theme?

57. What is the effect upon Macbeth of the messenger's final fatal news? What are his last words upon his exit?

58. Who finally proves the Weird Sister's prophecy upon Macbeth to its last point?

59. Describe his stand in his fight with Macduff.

60. What does Siward say of his son's death, and whom do the Lords hail King upon Macduff's entry with Macbeth's head?

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